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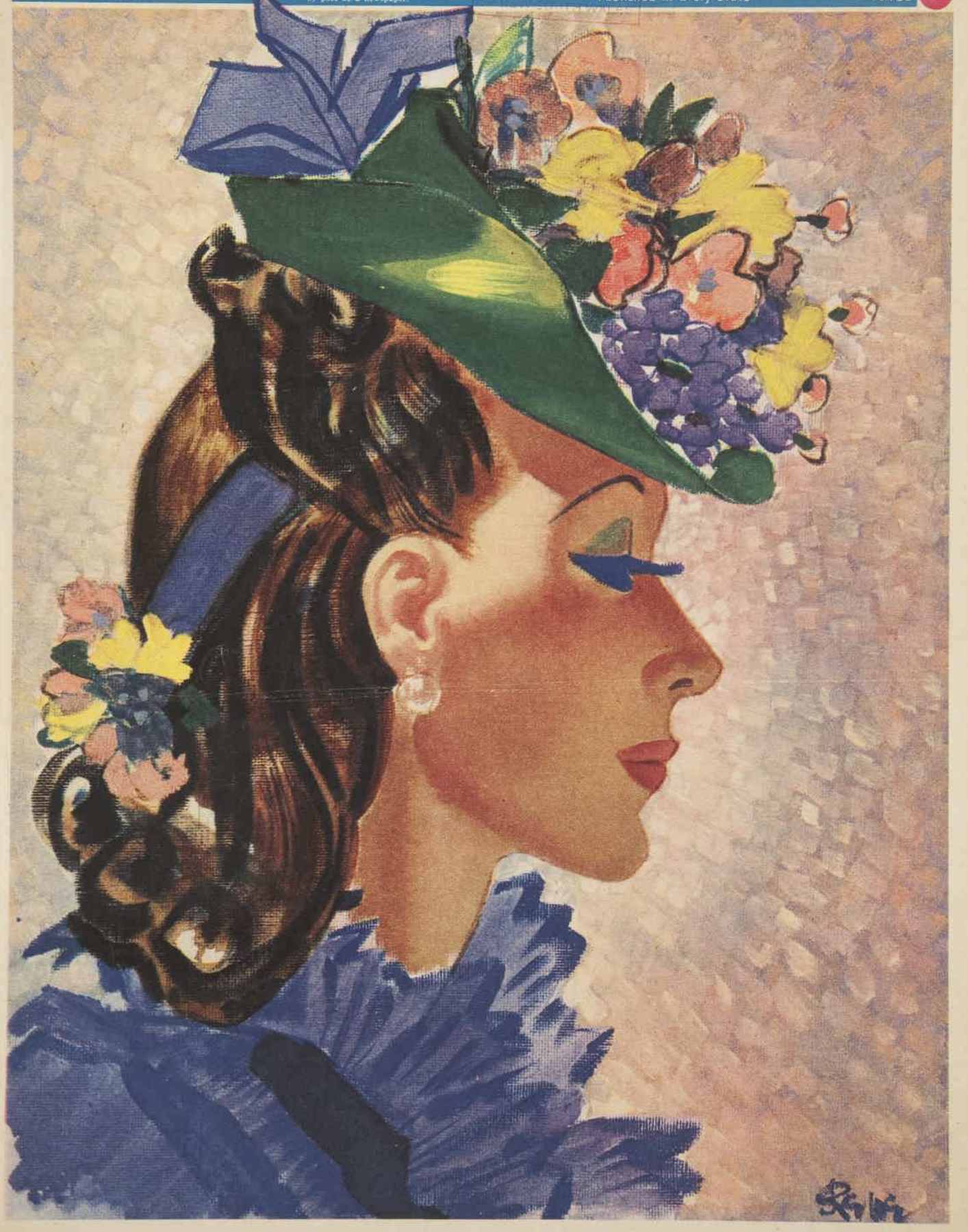

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PLAIN ENGLISH...

"OFFICIAL ENGLISH."

"Where the 'ell d'you think you're going?"

"Sorry, but the Admiralty forbid me to divulge the destination to which I am proceeding."

—Reproduced from London "Punch."

Winston won't waste words—he's teaching us all how to use them

BRITAIN'S PRIME MINISTER, Winston Churchill, at home. Mr. Churchill, who will be 66 on Saturday, talks plain English, writes plain English, and asks those around to do the same.

EVERY time Mr. Churchill opens his mouth he makes the world conscious of the power of plain English.

He rarely uses a word that a schoolgirl wouldn't understand, and he never uses two words where one would serve.

By his example and by his personal war on what he disgustedly calls "officialese jargon," Churchill seems likely to speed up the process by which the written language catches up with English-as-she-is-spoke.

Then the language will be purged of the lingering remnants of Victorian formality and windiness which used to refer to "bad news" as "a melancholy intelligence."

The hideous business-letter phraseology built up into a special language by the commercial world should also disappear, unmourned.

The "official English" of Government memorandum and regulation will fall into sad disrepute.

But, most important of all, the results of having a British Prime Minister who is an artist with and a master of words may well be the plain man's interest in the odd way in which Mr. Churchill can make words sing and shine for him.

We're all given to quoting Winstonisms these days.

The day after Churchill speaks you hear people on trains and buses saying, "I liked that bit where he said, 'Hitler's little Italian accomplice is trotting along hopefully and hungrily, but rather wearily and timidly, by his side!'"

"What about Laval's 'florid flirtation' with the Germans?"

Someone else chimes in with a reminder of phrases in earlier speeches like "Men will say this was their finest hour."

From weighing Churchill's words we might go so far as to begin weighing our own.

We might even get ambitious about coining telling phrases and glowing sentences for ourselves. And what a refurbishing of the plain English might that bring about!

When Mr. Churchill some time ago asked Government departments to put reports briefly and simply and eliminate "officialese jargon," he said, "Let us not shrink from using the short expressive phrase, even if it is conversational."

He practises what he preaches.

He called Hitler and Mussolini "these two ugly customers" in one recent speech.

"We are on Hitler's track," he said.

He has referred to the air-raid observers perched atop London buildings as "Jim Crows."

Nelson touch

ENGLAND has another Parliamentary champion of plain English in A. P. Herbert, famous "Punch" writer and humorist, and member for Oxford University in the House of Commons.

For years past "A.P.H." has been denouncing the pretentiousness of official language.

He claims that Nelson's famous signal, "England expects that every man will do his duty," could never come out of Whitehall.

"Suppose," he said, "that that signal had been drafted by one of our fat-word breeders in Whitehall.

"It would have run thus: 'England anticipates'—nobody can say 'expects' to-day—'that with the regard to the current emergency, personnel will duly implement their obligations in accordance with the functions allocated to their respective age-groups.'

"Such signals, such commands," he added, "are oozing and squelching out of Whitehall, and bogging the thoughts of the loyal citizen every day.

"In this war," Herbert said, "words matter more than ever.

"They matter because they are the channels of thought, and should be clear; because they are spurs to action, and should be sharp; because they are the tools of every trade and should be cared for, and because they are evidence of character and give us away.

"The woolly word may reveal the woolly mind; the obscure or cloudy word may conceal the tricky purpose or the absence of a plan."

To insist upon these things, he said, is not mere fussy pedantry.

Government pen-stroke

HE is not only concerned to preserve "the fire, the force, the freshness of our tongue."

Above all, he is concerned with the national importance of crisp, clear English in wartime.

Official English, as contrasted to plain English, is not limited to the Government departments of Whitehall. The British Official Wireless not long ago transmitted this bit of terse reporting:

"The Governor of Burma, Sir Archibald Cochrane, has constituted a Burma Defence Council, the purpose of which is to facilitate the expeditious disposal of the manifold questions which, in war conditions, affect the responsibilities of several departments of government and the interests of various elements in the country."

In the rationing order which governs the daily shopping of every British housewife, official English becomes hardly distinguishable from legal English.

For the farmer's wife who churns her own butter, it provides an order which is set forth in this well-churned prose:

"Where butter is provided by a person out of his home produce for consumption by himself or any of his employees or by any member of his household or by any guests sharing meals in his household, such person, employee, member or guest, as aforesaid, consuming for a period in excess of four days in any week any butter so provided, shall not during such a week obtain any more butter."

Nobody talks like that. Nobody ought to write like that, and if Mr. Churchill and Mr. Herbert have their way nobody will be allowed to.

Peach, Rachel, Brunette, Suntan and Natural
(Also ERASMIC CREAMS, Vanishing and Cold, 1/- Tube)

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Lets talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE

MR. J. W. FEEHAN

Disposes of bombs

EXPLOSIVES expert Mr. J. W. Feehan, in charge of South Australia's recently-formed Bomb Disposal Squad, has exploded a million bombs. He spent 15 years clearing the Middle East of dud bombs and captured munitions after the last war.

"Had my closest shave when Rafa Depot, Palestine, blew up," he says. "The bombs went off without our permission." He served with the A.I.F. in 1914-1918.

—Broothorn.

MISS HELEN M. PAUL

Kindergartener

PRINCIPAL-ELECT of the Kindergarten Training College, Melbourne, Miss Helen Paul is a graduate and former director of the college.

"The work of the Free Kindergartens will become more important as the results of war are felt in our communities," she declares.

Awarded a Kindergarten travelling scholarship she studied in England and America, and took her B.Sc. degree at Columbia.

SIR F. NOON

Modern India

THE Hon. Malik Sir Firozkhan Noon, High Commissioner for India to the United Kingdom, is a brilliant administrator, and is regarded in London as the "highest expression of Modern India."

Educated at Chiefs' College, Lahore, and Oxford, he has been Advocate Lahore High Court, member of the Punjab Legislative Council, Minister of Education.

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OUR CHILDREN MUST MEET

There are some things that money cannot buy for a child. But of all these mothers Anne alone had realised this.

Complete Short Story

By

SARAH ELIZABETH RODGER

Without even waiting to be introduced to the girls, Peter swung Dickie up in his arms.

MAIDA CASE, Mrs James Foster Case jun., hoped the apartment looked as attractive as she had tried to make it. There was, of course, no way of enlarging it for the occasion.

Still, a great many people coming into town from the country took veritable bandboxes for the winter, and it was just possible the Principessa might assume she and Jim had a real home elsewhere and had only leased this small flat.

She knew she looked well and little Marcy was beautiful. They wore matching black velvet mother-and-daughter dresses. Both their blonde forelocks were tied back with black ribbon bows, an idea Maida had lifted bodily from a fashion magazine. The baby had an amazing grace for a two-year-old. Maida knew in her bones that Marcy would have a beautiful figure when she grew up. Why shouldn't she? Maida herself was enviably slim.

Anne McFrean and her little boy were the first to come. Maida had thought they would be, driving in from the lonely, isolated farm. Anne was the sort of person who allowed plenty of time to get anywhere. She'd always been a prompt, responsible soul—even at school.

Anne and Maida kissed lightly while the two children stared at each other.

"She's a perfect darling," said Anne. "Just think, I haven't seen her since she was a tiny baby."

"And this is Dickie. Why, Anne, he's the image of you."

Maida felt it was absurd of her to be so moved by the quaint resemblance. Dickie had Anne's little thrust of chin, the great vulnerable dark eyes, the sensitive lips . . . The auburn hair must be his father's, though; Anne's was soft and dark.

"How old is he?" she asked mechanically.

"Three."

"He's huge, isn't he?"

"Yes, we think he'll be as tall as Peter. Six feet two."

It gave Maida a guilty twinge to remember she had never met Peter McFrean. She'd rather neglected Anne since her marriage, but then Anne couldn't possibly keep up, living like that in the country with no maid . . .

"We must see more of each other," she said hastily. "Look at our children. They've quite made up their minds to be friends."

Marcy was handing Dickie some of her smooth wooden educational toys. They sat amicably on the floor.

"How many children are coming to help Marcy celebrate?" asked Anne with interest.

"Only three more. I thought a large party would be bedlam in these close quarters. Betty Allsop is bringing her child, Lucia Traymore may or may not come according to Peggy's new tooth, and the third is little Carola di Vasti and her mother, the Principessa."

Difficult not to sound too excited, too self-satisfied when she told Anne that.

"Oh," said Anne coolly, "she was the famous Carol Gaston, wasn't she? The one the bank brought up, along with the hundreds of millions."

"Yes. She's terribly sweet, really. You mustn't believe what you read in the newspapers about her."

Maida felt an instant's irritation with Anne. Perhaps she had been foolish to invite her, but she had felt it was practically a duty since poor Anne was all but buried on the farm with that poverty-stricken boy she'd married. But if Anne were going to act funny and withdrawn . . . and in that shabby tweed suit, too . . .

"After all," said Maida sharply, "we can't condemn people just because they have a lot of money."

"I wasn't condemning her," said Anne slowly. "I'm sorry, Maida."

They had no more time to talk. The bell rang, and Mrs. Allsop and Mrs. Traymore, both fashionably gowned, came in together, holding their children by the hands. Peggy Traymore was crying, and Maida had the instant and rather gratifying impression that her tooth had not come through at all, but that Lucia didn't want to miss the chance to meet the Principessa.

"Here, give Peggy a block, Marcy," she said quickly. "Betty, you know Anne McFrean, don't you?"

Betty didn't, but Lucia said rather casually, "Oh, you were at Miss Latham's, weren't you? I haven't seen you for ages."

"I went back to Boston as soon as I graduated," said Anne.

"Then you didn't come out with us?"

"No——" and Anne added, unnecessarily Maida felt, "I didn't come out at all."

Lucia had an infuriating way of qualifying people the moment she met them and then, if she didn't care for what she heard, paying them no further attention. Maida was annoyed by the way she dropped Anne and went over to sit by Betty Allsop, but of course Anne had brought it on herself.

"Where is the Principessa?" asked Betty Allsop. "Come here, Pony, you're losing your trousers. Let Mummie fix you."

Pony Allsop was not to be distracted from the toys, and Betty let well enough alone.

"I'd be frightfully annoyed if she didn't show up," she said plaintively to her hostess. "I'm really dying to see her."

"I've met her," said Lucia with a touch of malice, "on that same junior ball committee where Maida started their beautiful friendship . . . I must say she's good-looking."

Maida's color heightened.

"I'm sure she'll come. She said Carola had never been to a birthday party before, and she wanted to see how she'd react to the other children."

The small, smart living-room grew more and more confused as the children threw the toys around and took possession of any ash-trays they could reach.

"No, no, give it to Mummie . . . Pony, let Marcy have her doll . . . Here, Peggy, you can have this one." It went on in a perpetual chorus, interspersed with the disconnected attempts of the mothers to carry on adult conversation.

Maida looked hopelessly about her. The apartment no longer seemed attractive. Agnes, the maid, though she was dressed in a crisp brand-new uniform, looked very obviously like a general houseworker who wasn't paid much. When the bell finally rang again she almost dreaded the Principessa's coming, but she followed Agnes gallantly to the door.

"My dear, I'm so glad to see you. Is this Carola?"

Their entrance was overwhelming, first the Principessa, so frighteningly assured and beautifully dressed that Maida could scarcely force herself to remember she was, after all, only another girl not quite twenty-four . . . Then the grave-faced child, clutching the fingers of a correctly-veiled and caped English nurse. Maida had quite forgotten to tell the Principessa not to bother bringing Carola's nurse, since the other mothers were coming alone. That was probably because she, Maida, never had had a nurse for her child and sometimes forgot other girls had.

"Make a curtsy, Carola," said the Englishwoman crisply, pressing a little on the child's shoulder. Carola ducked.

"Miss Prith will take off her things," said the Principessa smoothly as Maida bent. "Where's your little girl? I'm anxious to see her."

It made Maida quite proud to be able to single out Marcy.

"Oh, she's lovely. Is she really only two to-day? She looks older, somehow."

Maida rattled off the introductions with more poise than she felt, and established the Principessa in a chair. When Miss Prith came in with Carola, the children's party was really under way.

"Pony Allison, Dickie McFrean, Peggy Traymore, Marcy——" repeated Maida more for the Principessa's benefit than vague-eyed little Carola's.

"How old are they?" asked the Principessa quickly.

"Oh, all ages. Peggy there with Dickie is the youngest, only eighteen months. They play very well together, don't they?"

"How old is Dickie?" persisted the Principessa.

"Three," said Dickie's mother quietly.

"And Pony Allsop?"

"Two and a half."

"Oh!"

Anne McFrean, who was usually so quiet, almost remote, began to chatter in a high voice to Betty Allsop. Maida looked at her in surprise. You couldn't seem to predict Anne at all, even after all these years . . .

"Dickie, you're so beautiful," Anne was thinking incoherently, "and so strong and so responsive . . . I couldn't bear it if I had a child who just stood there like a stuffed doll."

As if Dickie had in some odd way divined that she was thinking of him he turned around a moment from the enchantment of the blocks and smiled straight at her. It did things to her heart. First Peter, and now Peter's son. She knew very well that she was a woman beloved of the gods. Knowing that, it was stupid to admit even to herself her inconsequential little lacks . . .

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Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

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BEHOLD, HERE'S POISON

...What is the secret of Gregory Matthews' death? ... His anxious household awaits a fateful verdict.

GREGORY MATTHEWS, irascible owner of a large country home, the Poplars, objected to the engagement of

STELLA, his attractive young niece, to

DR. DERYK FIELDING, because the doctor's father had died in an inebriates' home. He also threatened to send

GUY MATTHEWS, his nephew, to South America, to thwart his plans for a career in Art. His objections considerably upset his whole household, which, in addition to Stella and Guy, consisted of

MRS. ZOE MATTHEWS, their widowed mother, and

MISS HARRIET MATTHEWS, his sister, a parsimonious little spinster. Quite unexpectedly one morning Gregory Matthews was found dead in bed. Dr. Fielding was prepared to sign a certificate of death from natural causes, but the domineering

MRS. GERTRUDE LUPTON, Matthews' other sister, who arrived with her husband after being notified of her brother's death, demanded that there should be a post-mortem. She has departed, leaving the household indignant and perturbed. Now read on:—

STELLA found her brother in the library, telephoning to Mr. Nigel Brooke, with whom, a year ago, he had gone into precarious partnership.

Mr. Brooke's vocation was Interior Decoration, and since Guy coupled a leaning towards Art with a profound veneration for Mr. Brooke, four years his senior, he had had no difficulty in discovering the same vocation in himself. Both were alike in being the only sons of widowed mothers, but whereas Nigel had entire control over his inherited capital the little money which Arthur Matthews had been able to leave his son was left him in trust, the trustees being his wife and his eldest brother, Gregory.

Guy had owed his partnership to his mother's skilful handling of his uncle, Gregory Matthews, who liked a pretty woman, and who knew next to nothing of his nephew's abilities, had allowed himself to be cajoled into putting up a thousand pounds for Guy's share in the virgin business.

Since that day he had ample opportunity of appraising his nephew's capabilities, and the result of this study was that upon being asked for a further advance to support the struggling fortunes of the firm of Brooke and Matthews he had countered with an offer from a business acquaintance who had a vacancy for a young man in the office of his rubber plantations in Brazil.

The coaxings and even the tears of a pretty woman had this time failed to melt Gregory. He apostrophised his nephew as a young waster, and stated, with unnecessary violence, his profound desire to be rid of him.

For perhaps the first time in her life Zoe Matthews had found it impossible to get her own way. Her only means of gratifying her son's ambition, and of keeping him at her side, was to sell out some of her own capital for his use, and since her income was already quite insufficient for her needs this expedient was naturally out of the question.

She did not even consider it. Nor did she permit her resentment to become apparent to Gregory Matthews, for that would have been very stupid, and might have led to the loss of an extremely comfortable home for which she was not expected to pay as much as one farthing.

While Mrs. Lupton fought for words, Stella said anxiously: "Then you don't think uncle can really have been poisoned, Randall?"

Stella looked at her aunt with faint revulsion, seeing the objects clutched in her hand.

The home had its disadvantages, of course. It was not her own, and the presence of her sister-in-law was always an irritation, but since poor Harriet was the antithesis of everything Gregory Matthews thought a female should be, it needed really very little trouble to enlist his support in any disagreement she happened to have with her sister-in-law. Patience and unfailing sweetness had achieved their object; at the end of a five-year sojourn at the Poplars Zoe Matthews had contrived to make herself, if not the mistress of the house, at least the cherished guest whose comfort must be everyone's first consideration.

"Such a ruthless woman—my dear Aunt Zoe," Randall Matthews, the son of Gregory's elder brother, had once murmured, glancing maliciously up under his long lashes.

Randall was in Stella's thoughts as she waited for her brother to conclude his conversation with Nigel Brooke. When he put the receiver down at last she said abruptly: "Do you suppose uncle left everything to Randall, Guy?"

"You bet he did—most of it, anyway," replied Guy. "Randall's been working for it for months, if you ask me—always turning up here for no known reason except to oil up to uncle by suddenly being attentive to him. It's so beastly unfair! I come down from Oxford and get a job absolutely bang-off, and stick to it, and all Randall does is to drift around looking willowy and run through a packet of money (because Uncle Hubert left a fair spot, so Aunt Harriet told me) and never do a stroke of work, or attempt to! It makes me sick! Besides, he's so utterly poisonous."

Stella lit a cigarette. "I suppose he'll turn up next. And say hateful things to everybody in a loving voice. Do you think uncle's left mother any money?"

"YES, I'm pretty sure he has," said Guy confidently. "Anyway, the main point is she's my sole trustee now, which means I shall be able to carry on with Nigel." His brow clouded. "Everything would be all right if it weren't for Aunt Gertrude! What she wanted to stick her nose into it for I can't imagine."

"Jealous of us," said Stella negligently. "She probably thinks mother's getting more out of uncle's death than she is. Of course it's fairly noxious, but I suppose it doesn't really matter — the post-mortem, I mean."

"Oh, doesn't it matter?" said Guy with considerable bitterness. "Well, for once in her life Aunt Harriet hit the nail on the head! We shall have the police barging in and asking awkward questions, and if that's your idea of a good time it isn't mine! Everyone knows I had a row with uncle over his precious South American scheme, and when the police hear about that I shall be in a nice position."

Stella, not much impressed, flicked the ash off her cigarette on to the carpet. "But when they don't find poison in uncle they won't ask us any questions at all."

"Yes, but what if they do find poison?" Guy demanded.

"They won't." She looked up quickly. "Good lord, you don't—you don't really think they might, do you?"

"No, of course not," answered Guy. "Still, we've got to face the fact that he may have been poisoned. Mind you, I don't believe he was, but that ass Fielding didn't seem any too sure."

"Do you frightfully mind not calling Deryk 'that ass'?" asked Stella frigidly. "I happen to be going to marry him."

"Well, you'll have a jolly job explaining that to the police," retorted Guy. "And you'll also be able to tell them what uncle said about it, not forgetting the bit about the Inebriates' Home."

"Shut up!" Stella said fiercely. "It isn't Deryk's fault that his father drank!"

"No, but it's definitely his misfortune," mocked Guy. "Particularly if it comes out that uncle, in his well-known playful way, threatened to blow the gaff if Fielding didn't lay-off you."

Stella's hand as she raised her cigarette to her lips was shaking, but she controlled her temper, and merely said: "I suppose you have to be vulgar as well as spiteful?"

"I may be vulgar, but I'm not in the least spiteful," replied Guy. "I'm merely pointing out to you how and where you stand. I don't blame Fielding for having a hopeless inebriate for a father, but if you think Grinley Heath would be nice about it you've got another guess coming. A fat lot of practice Fielding would have had here by now if uncle had split!"

"You're a little cad!" Stella exploded, her cheeks flaming. "If you're

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Randall smiled mockingly, as his relatives grew more agitated and indignant.

Second instalment of our thrilling mystery serial

By Georgette Heyer

Illustrated by SANTRY

hinting that Deryk poisoned uncle, let me tell you that I'd a lot sooner believe you did!"

"Oh, you would, would you?" said Guy, suddenly furious. "Thanks very much! Well, I didn't poison him, and I'll trouble you to refrain from suggesting that I did! Because if there's going to be any chat of that sort from you, there'll be quite a spot from me about your precious Deryk! Quite got that?"

"If you think that I'd——" Stella broke off, staring across the room at him. She gave an uncertain laugh. "What on earth did you start this futile argument for? You talk as though we knew uncle had been poisoned, and you know perfectly well it's all rot!"

"Yes, of course," Guy said, his anger evaporating. "Utter rot. Sorry; I didn't mean to be offensive. Only if there does happen to be trouble we've got to stick together."

"What's going to be done?" asked Stella, after a slight pause. "Did Aunt Gertrude ring up the police?"

"No; Fielding's going to get on to the coroner. I suppose we shan't know anything much for a day or two. I've rung up uncle's lawyer, by the way, so no doubt he'll come down with the will. Personally I can't see any reason why I shouldn't go up to town as usual."

His mother, entering the room at that moment, overheard this last remark and read him a fond but reproving lecture on the respect due to the dead. When she perceived that this made very little impression on him she begged him to consider her feelings.

Stella, realising that her mother was going to expatiate sadly on the loneliness of widowhood, slipped out of the room, and went upstairs, only to run into her aunt, who had temporarily forgotten her woes in the discovery that owing to the window in Gregory Matthews' bathroom having been left open the new bottle of his medicine had been blown over into the washbasin and smashed.

"I can't see that it matters," said Stella crossly. "You couldn't use up somebody else's tonic."

"No, but the chemist always allows us something on the bottles," said Miss Matthews severely.

Stella looked at her aunt with faint repulsion, seeing the objects clutched in her hand, and wondered how one could be expected to feel solemn about death when one's relatives behaved like Aunt Harriet.

Miss Matthews had collected from her brother's bathroom his sponges and face-flannel (which would all come in useful for cleaning-rags), a cake of soap, two toothbrushes (excellent for scrubbing silver filigree dishes), a half-used tube of toothpaste (which she proposed to use up herself as soon as her own was finished), a bottle of mouth-wash, and a loofah.

"I thought Guy might like the loofah," said Miss Matthews. "It's a very good one. There's the end of a stick of shaving soap, too."

"If you take my advice you won't offer it to him," said Stella. "He's a bit squeamish."

"If there's one thing I hate above all others," declared Miss Matthews, "it is waste!"

Her activities during the rest of the morning were surprising. Having ordered cold lamb and rice pudding for lunch, spurning all Mrs. Beecher's more appetising suggestions on the score that no one would care what there was to eat on such an occasion as this, she announced her intention of having Gregory Matthews' room turned out.

No sooner had his body been removed in an ambulance than she ordered both Rose and Mary upstairs to begin this work of purification. Rose at once started to cry, saying that she couldn't bear to enter the master's room, but Miss Matthews, her own late qualms forgotten, told her not to be silly, but to gather up all the master's discarded underclothing, and carry them to the dirty-linen basket. Rose immediately gave notice, and retired sobbing.

Mrs. Matthews came up to suggest that they should all of them devote the rest of this unhappy day to quiet and meditation, but was tartly informed that if a thing had to be done her sister-in-law did not believe in putting it off. She went away, routed, and since Guy was occupied in designing an overmantel for a house in Dorking, and flatly refused to meditate with his mother, and Stella could not be found, abandoned all ideas of a contemplative day, and ordered the chauffeur to motor her to town for the purpose of buying mourning clothes.

When Miss Matthews, busily engaged in inspecting the condition of Gregory's suits (with a view to selling them), heard of her sister-in-law's action she could scarcely contain herself. To go to London for no nobler purpose than to squander money on dress seemed to her the height of callousness. "After all her talk about setting our minds on higher things! Meditation indeed! And I should very much like to know what right she has to take the car out without one word to me!"

This aspect of the case soon outweighed every other. Miss Matthews went muttering about the house, and by lunch-time had muttered herself into a state of considerable agitation which found expression in a sudden announcement to her nephew and niece that she could not enjoy a moment's peace until she had seen Gregory's will, and had the whole thing settled once and for all.

One glance at the rice pudding which succeeded the lamb at luncheon drove Stella from the table. She said in a wan voice that she really didn't feel she could, and betook herself to the house next door.

Dr. Fielding had come in from his rounds when Stella arrived, and had just gone in to luncheon. He was glancing through his notebook when Stella was ushered into the room, but at sight of her he threw the book aside, and jumped up. "Stella, my dear!"

"I've come to lunch," said Stella. "We've nothing but mutton and rice, and I can't bear it."

He smiled. "Poor darling! Jenner, lay for Miss Matthews. Sit down, my dear, and tell me all about it. Have you had a difficult morning?"

"Ghastly," said Stella, accepting a glass of sherry. "Enough to make one wish uncle hadn't died."

Fielding gave her a warning look, and said: "I was afraid you'd have rather a bad time. All right, Jenner, we'll wait on ourselves." He paused while the manservant withdrew, and then said: "Stella, be careful what you say in front of people. You don't want anyone to get the impression that you wished your uncle to die."

"I didn't wish him to," replied Stella. "I hadn't ever considered the possibility. He wasn't the sort of person you'd expect to die, was he?"

"Well, I'm a doctor," said Fielding, smiling.

"You mean you did expect it? You never told me."

"No. I didn't exactly expect it. Nor should I have told you if I had, my darling."

Stella laid down her knife and fork. "Deryk, please tell me one thing: Do you believe uncle was poisoned?"

"No, I don't," he answered. "But although there were no signs not compatible with death from syncope, I couldn't undertake to state definitely that he was not poisoned upon a purely superficial examination."

She looked a little troubled, and presently said: "I do wish there hadn't got to be a post-mortem. Whatever you may say, I believe you're secretly a bit afraid that they may find something."

"I'm not in the least afraid of it," said Fielding calmly. "I hope they won't, for all your sakes, but if there's any doubt I want it cleared up."

Stella was unappeased. "Well, it's pretty beastly for the rest of us. I must say I hoped you weren't going to give in to Aunt Gertrude. Couldn't you have stopped it all?"

He raised his eyebrows rather quizzically. "My dearest child! What about my professional reputation?"

"I don't know, but you said yourself you were prepared to sign a death certificate. I can't understand you wanting a post-mortem. Supposing they do find poison? Everyone knows uncle had a row with you about me, and it seems to me the police are quite likely to start suspecting you of having given him poison."

"They can suspect what they like," said Fielding coolly. "But they'll be darned clever if they manage to prove that I ever administered poison to your uncle. Don't you worry your head about me, Stella: I haven't the slightest reason to fear a post-mortem."

"Of course I didn't mean that I thought you really might have poisoned uncle," said Stella. "But it does seem to me that things are going to be fairly beastly one way and another. The only nice part of it is that we shall be able to get married now without an awful fight. I don't think mother really minds about it. She's much more wrapped up in Guy than she is in me."

He stretched out his hand to her across the table. "Well, that's a very nice part, anyway."

She nodded. "Yes, because I hate rows. I should have married you whatever uncle said, but it makes it easier now that he's dead."

Fielding got up, and came round behind her chair. "I'm going to ring for Jenner to bring in the next course," he said, laying his hands on her shoulders. "But first I must kiss you."

She raised her face, and as he bent over her put her hand to caress his lean cheek. "How many girls have you kissed, like that?" she asked, when she was able.

"Crowds," he said, laughing.

She smiled, but said seriously: "I expect that's true. You were keen on Betty Mason before you thought of me, weren't you?"

"Never!"

"Oh, I'm not throwing a jealous fit," Stella assured him. "You needn't mind admitting it. I think you're rather the type that can't help making love to attractive girls. I shall probably have an awful time with you when we're married."

"It sounds as though it's I who will have the awful time," he replied teasingly.

"Well, I must say I shouldn't like it if you got off with anyone else now that you're engaged to me," admitted Stella.

"I'll watch my step," he promised, walking over to the bell and setting his finger on it.

Jenner's entrance put an end to the conversation. He brought word of two patients awaiting the doctor in the surgery.

"Who are they?" asked Fielding.

"Young Jones, sir, and Mrs. Thomas about her little girl's leg."

"Oh, well, tell them I don't see patients until two o'clock. Put the clocks back, or something."

"Very good, sir."

"Don't think you've got to stay here because of me," said Stella. "I'm just going, anyway."

"It's nobody who matters," he said lightly.

Stella looked at him with a hint of austerity in her candid eyes. "You don't only care about the people who matter, do you, Deryk?"

"Of course not, but there's nothing urgent about these cases. Have some more cream?"

"No, thanks. If it's Mrs. Thomas from North End Cottages I do wish you'd go. She told Aunt Harriet that Minnie dreads having her leg dressed, and I must say I'm not surprised. I hate children to be scared, don't you? I used to be at the dentist's, and he always kept me waiting, which made it worse."

He got up, pushing his chair back, and said ruefully: "You're determined to keep my nose to the grindstone, young woman. Shall I ever be allowed to have a meal in peace when we're married?"

"Yes, lots," said Stella, kissing her hand to him.

She finished her luncheon alone, and strolled back to the Poplars. She noticed as she walked up the drive that the blinds were all down in the front windows, and found, upon entering the house, that this had been brought about by the relentless hand of her Aunt Gertrude, who had returned to the Poplars, accompanied this time by her younger daughter, Janet.

In consequence of the gloom reigning over the library and the dining-room the family had been forced to sit in the drawing-room, a large and cheerless apartment at the back of the house, elegantly but uncomfortably furnished in the style of Louis XV.

Mrs. Lupton was discussing with her sister what had best be done with Gregory Matthews' clothing, and Janet, a pale, earnest-looking young woman of five-and-twenty, was trying to be bright and intelligent over her cousin Guy's sketch of the overmantel for the house in Dorking.

Stella paused on the threshold, meditating instant flight, but Guy cast her a supplicating look, and feeling that at least she had enjoyed a very good luncheon while he regaled himself on cold lamb and rice pudding she took pity on him, and advanced into the room. "Hullo, Janet!" she said.

Mrs. Lupton looked up, folding her lips. She was a just woman and she did not blame Stella for being much better-looking than either of her own daughters. She was merely sorry that Stella should ruin her complexion with make-up, and squander her mother's (or more probably Gregory's) money on ridiculously unsuitable clothes.

"Well, Stella?" she said. "And where have you been, may one ask?"

"Out," said Stella briefly.

Mrs. Lupton was glad to think that her daughters would never dream of answering her in that rude way. "I should have thought you could have stayed at home for one day," she remarked. "And have you nothing quieter to wear than that frock?"

"No, nothing."

"You must have a black one."

"All right," said Stella equably. "If she happens to think of it, I daresay mother will buy one for me."

Mrs. Lupton sat very straight in her chair. "The least said about your mother's expedition to town the better," she announced.

Guy looked up, a spark of anger in his eyes. "Quite!" he said with a good deal of emphasis.

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AFTERMATH

And weren't there other gardens, Wind, for you to play about,
That you should spend the livelong day in mine?
You whisked my garden sticks away and blew my seedlings out,
And trailed across the lawn each climbing vine.

Along the hills the stubborn bush, defiant, braves your breath,
But all, save one, of my sweet blooms went quickly to their death.
Save one, bewildered, at my feet,
A startled, white-faced marguerite!

—*Yvonne Webb.*

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NIGHT WATCH

A SHORT STORY

By Robert Carson

IT was raining. It had rained for three days and nights. There was no indication that it would ever stop. A streaky, weak-kneed, blurred night fell upon the city. Men drove gloomily home, dizzy from staring through windshield wipers.

At six o'clock Henry's alarm went off. He reached out with one sure hand, throttled it, and cautiously opened his eyes. Rain was beating on the windows and gurgling down the spouts. He saw happily that it was night and stepped out of the folding bed into his one-room apartment.

All his life he had liked the night better than the day. His soul, like a supper club, bloomed only after 11 p.m.

He went into the bathroom, turned on the water in the tub, and got out his razor. Across the light well somebody was playing a radio. He sang the lyrics of the song being broadcast with effortless precision. Henry knew the lyrics of every popular song ever written.

Drifting out into the apartment while the tub filled, he came upon Marsha Morgan's picture on his bureau and abruptly stopped singing. A very pretty girl, with a number of cast-iron opinions of her own. The last item tended to make their engagement a little precarious.

Henry was having dinner with her to-night. He had a feeling that a crisis was impending and it made him uneasy. By resolutely ignoring trouble he had managed to repulse it for twenty-four years; but now the system wouldn't work. Ignore a girl like Marsha, and somebody else wouldn't . . . and Henry knew there were no other Marshas.

He fled unhappily back to the hot water, submerged and considered the happy state of submarines, which simply sank every time anyone wanted to fight with them.

At seven Henry appeared in the Morgan flat, dripping and nervously beaming, carrying a soaked newspaper that he had to peel like a banana to read. Mrs. Morgan let him in. Marsha sat grimly in a chair with a book in her lap, her speech obviously prepared. There was a smell of sauerkraut wafting gently through the place.

Ready for a broadside, Henry rapidly kissed Mrs. Morgan first, and then Marsha.

"Like a statue," he commented. "Is this going to be another grudge fight to-night?"

Marsha nodded. Mrs. Morgan hung up Henry's hat and coat in the hall and returned to the living-room.

"I smelled that sauerkraut a block away," Henry said to her. "Thanks."

Mrs. Morgan smiled enigmatically and left for the kitchen. Marsha was regarding Henry more in sorrow than in anger. He was acutely conscious that things were closing in on him.

"The paper says more rain," he said hastily.

"Sit down," Marsha said.

Henry sat down. "It says there are floods in the west end."

"They say drowning is a pleasant death," Marsha replied darkly.

"Why don't you have a drink?" Henry asked.

"No," Marsha said, "it might cheer me up." She inspected her right hand. "I broke another fingernail typing to-day."

"It'll grow out, dear."

"They ought to breed a race of secretaries," Marsha said. "Girls with steel fingernails."

"Did you have any trouble getting home this evening?"

"No, I just used the Australian crawl."

"You're in a charming mood to-night."

"I'm bored with my job, tired of working, sick of sitting nights alone—and it'd better stop raining pretty soon!"

"Look," Henry said, "we're engaged—not married. You can't act this way to me until we've seen a preacher."

"Henry," Marsha began, drawing a long breath, "I want to discuss our future with you—such as it was."

"Was?"

"Was—and I'm not joking."

Carefully Henry folded up his damp newspaper and put it on the radiator.

"All right," he said.

"When are you going to get that rise you were going to get six months ago?"

"I don't know, Marsha."

"You were making more money when you were a salesman in Marshall's shoe store than you are now, running that silly all-night radio programme."

"Only five dollars more a week," Henry said.

"Isn't that more money?" Marsha demanded.

"Yes — but I was an extra-good salesman."

"Are you a good radio announcer?"

"I don't know. There's no way of telling."

"I think you're terrible," Marsha said. "I thought you were going to get a job with a big chain in a little while."

"Maybe I will," Henry said.

"Not unless they start broadcasting all night, sweetheart. At Marshall's you had every night and Sundays off. Those nights and Sundays were devoted to the misguided girl who is your fiancee. Now you never have any time off. A date for your fiancee means having the chance to watch you sleep. With your mouth open."

Illustrated by JOHN MILLS

"For the love of Mike," Henry said, "do we have to go through all this again, Marsha?"

"Just once more," Marsha replied quietly.

Henry stared at her. He looked scared. Marsha's heart was beginning to pound in her throat. She waited for him to say something, but he didn't.

"Henry, I'm tired of sitting around night after night reading books," she went on. "I've read so many of them that I'm starting to know all the answers to every quiz. I want to spend Sundays with you picnicking and swimming, not watching you sleep. I want to have a little fun while I'm still young enough to look as if I'm having it."

"There's the future—" Henry began.

"I'll take the present. And what future is there in sitting up all night entertaining a bunch of taxi-drivers and people with things on their minds?"

"You want me to go back and be a salesman?"

"Yes."

"I don't want to," Henry said.

"I know you don't," Marsha said. "You want to sit up every night and play swing records and babble into thin air. That's the kind of person you've turned out to be."

Henry rose slowly and removed his newspaper from the radiator. Marsha felt a little lump in her throat. Henry looked young, grim, and confused. Why did she always want to take him in her arms?

"So," Henry said, "I'm getting my marching orders."

"The engagement," Marsha told him, "is busted."

White-faced, Henry examined the newspaper to see that it was dry and then carefully folded it. He continued to look at it when he spoke. Marsha was glad he did, because she was engaged herself in a little private battle against tears.

"I'm a funny kind of chap, I suppose," Henry said. "I like to talk and I like to stay up at night. I always think everybody's my friend, and I'm everybody's friend. Maybe I'm wrong."

"You certainly are in here."

"But running the programme makes me happy. I play some good music and talk and have a few laughs. I like to think people are listening to me and enjoying it. Maybe they're not."

"Probably not."

"Anyway," Henry said, "I'm not going back to being a shoe salesman, even at more money. The only nice thing I remember about Marshall's is the first day I held your foot in my hand and realised that love had come."

"And now you're holding a newspaper in your hand," Marsha assured him, "and realising that love has gone."

"Exactly," Henry said dazedly.

He went out into the hall, got his hat and coat and returned.

"Don't be dramatic," Marsha said sharply. "We're having sauerkraut to-night."

"What does sauerkraut mean to me now?" Henry replied.

He put on his hat and coat with clammy hands. Marsha slipped his engagement ring from her finger and held it out. Her hand was shaking.

"Here's your ring," she said.

"If you'll make the last two payments on it," Henry told her, "you can have it. You might want to marry some other chap."

"I'm going to marry a farmer. Somebody who goes to bed at sunset and gets up at dawn."

Henry buttoned his coat. "I hope you'll be very happy."

"I haven't met him yet," Marsha snapped.

"There's still a lot of country in this country," Henry said. "Good-bye."

They shook hands solemnly.

"Good-bye," Marsha said huskily.

Henry went out. As the door closed on him Marsha burst into tears . . .

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A lantern bobbed into the room. "Power's gone," said the studio engineer.

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QUIET BOY BECOMES NATIONAL HERO

Scots mother tells of 18-year-old V.C. son

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

Mrs. Hannah, mother of 18-year-old V.C. winner Pat Hannah, has suddenly found herself famous in the Glasgow suburb where she lives.

The world has been beating a pathway to her door since Pat was awarded the V.C. for putting out flames in a blazing bomber with his bare hands. He is Britain's youngest V.C. winner.

ONE evening Mr. and Mrs. Hannah were talking of their sons, Pat in the R.A.F., Charlie in the Army, when they were suddenly advised that Pat had been sent to hospital with burns to face and hands after a gallant fight with a fire in the plane in mid air.

Simultaneously there came a message from Pat saying he was O.K., but insisting that neither of them should come to see him in hospital.

He said he would be home on leave soon.

Mrs. Hannah told me: "We did not realise at the time how serious were Pat's injuries nor did we understand that in telling us to keep away from the hospital he was thinking only of sparing me the sight of his poor bandaged face and hands."

Then came the announcement that Pat had been awarded the V.C. And the doorbell of the Hannah home did not stop ringing for sixteen hours daily as neighbors, friends from Glasgow, and even distant towns, made pilgrimage to the neat little house in Southbar Avenue, Knightswood, to shower congratulations on the parents.

Telegrams, too, began arriving from everywhere.

Mrs. Hannah said: "I was so proud I could hardly stop crying, but when I realised fully what my Pat had done I could only keep saying to myself over and over again, 'Thank God he is safe.'"

Coming home

AT last came the great day when the Hannahs were informed of Pat's discharge from hospital and his home-coming.

"He wouldn't let us meet him at the station," said his mother.

"As the time for his arrival drew nearer, I was in a flurry of the wildest excitement, coupled with the fear his poor face would be scarred for life.

"Then suddenly the door-bell rang. I rushed out, and there was my Pat standing laughing before my eyes.

"He gave me a huge hug and kiss.

"I looked at his face. It was an absolute miracle; there was not a single scar, a single scratch, or a single mark.

"I brought him inside and looked closer.

"No, it was an absolute miracle. There was not a single blemish. He looked exactly the same as when I saw him on his last leave, only perhaps a little older and maturer.

"The tips of his fingers were just a little scarred, but his face—I really couldn't believe it. I was afraid he'd look like a piece of burned fish, but he is a credit to those marvellous doctors.

Smiling boy

"PAT himself is just the same old smiling boy.

"He tried to dismiss what he'd done as really nothing much. All he wanted to talk about was how things were going at home, and what was happening in the neighborhood.

"We had a quiet family evening, but the news spread that Pat was home, and the neighbors started arriving. He was home for three weeks, but from the day of his arrival he was not ours at all.

"Neighbors and friends took charge of him, while all I could do was just marvel that he was safe and well.

"Pat was always a quiet boy at home and at school, and the great honor has not changed him.

"He still took the same quiet interest in everybody and everything.

"At school Pat was a good average scholar, and played football fairly well. He was keenly interested in music, and studied the piano for many years.

"Pat's first job was at a rubber works, but he did not like it, so he got a job in a boot shop.

"Then came the war. He came home quietly one evening, and said to me: 'Mother, I'm going to join the R.A.F.' He did, and little did I dream the day I saw him off that he'd come home with the highest decoration it was possible to get.

"It was a marvellous thing, and sometimes I can't quite believe it, but then, knowing my Pat, I'm not particularly surprised that he distinguished himself in some way."

PAT HANNAH, Britain's youngest V.C., being congratulated as he left Buckingham Palace after receiving his decoration.

"I want a new hat," *says Mrs. London*

SHE CELEBRATES AIR RAIDS BY BUYING LATEST IN MILLINERY

By airmail from MARY ST. CLAIRE.

"There's a rush on hats," the owner of a select little millinery salon told me during the week.

"Every London woman whose house has not been hit and who still possesses whole panes of glass in her window-frames seems to feel that she must celebrate, and how better than in buying a hat?

"STRANGELY enough most of our customers in the past few days have been women between 45 and 50. I suppose that's partly because so many of my younger clients are in uniform."

Window displays are quite out of fashion in London's famous Regent Street.

Where only a short time ago lovely furs, colorful gowns, and beautiful jewels delighted the eye of the passer-by, there are now only bare cubby-holes of elegant wood, minus the displays and minus the glass that protected them.

Each window looks rather like a sad but too-clean stage denuded both of players and scenery.

Yet inside the stores work is going on just as usual.

"What can I show you, Modom?" In the frock shops this question is being asked with the usual smile.

In the cavities that were once the windows of jewellery stores, the assistants spent the whole of one day brushing splinters from the velvet stands and cases.

Most of them had half a dozen or more small cuts on their hands, but they didn't stop work on that account—only stuck on an extra bit of plaster.

The famous shop of Bourne and Hollingsworth, where so much of Suburbia buys its hats, has been badly hit, but the delivery vans are out as usual and an army of workers is quickly getting order out of chaos.

"We expect to be in action again after the week-end," an official told me.

The salons of the designers Hartnell, Worth, Molyneux, Jacqmar and Isobel are so far undamaged and business is going on much as usual.

Most modern food is so soft that tooth decay sets in all too easily. WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM removes the small particles which lodge between the teeth and cause decay. In addition it aids digestion and gives your gums healthful exercise. In times of stress and worry WRIGLEY'S refreshing CHEWING GUM tones your nerves and helps you to keep alert. It eases nervous tension.

If you're driving long distances or late at night, chew WRIGLEY'S and you needn't fear drowsiness. Buy some P.K. (real peppermint) Spearmint (garden mint) and Juicy Fruit (lusciously sweet). Always keep a supply of this delicious, healthful chewing gum handy in your purse, pocket, car or home. And be sure to give some to the children—they love it.

WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM **SPEARMINT**

Three delicious flavours. An Australian product. On sale everywhere.

A1729

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DR. EVATT and Mrs. Evatt looking over the files at Parliament House.

GLIMPSE of the swearing-in ceremony at Parliament House, Canberra, last week. The Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, is second from left.
—Women's Weekly photos.

Social curtain-raiser as Parliament assembles

Momentous session which will affect all

By our special representative at Canberra

Long before Parliament assembled here last week, rooms had been booked at hotels by big businessmen, scientists, manufacturers, and others who wanted to meet members and Ministers and discuss with them how their legislation will affect family, industrial, and economic life. For what this War Parliament does will matter profoundly to every Australian for years to come.

In the hotels were also representatives of mining unions and men who speak for wharf-laborers, road-workers, factory hands, and others on the basic wage.

MRS. MENZIES, wife of the Prime Minister, and Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones.

AT ten-thirty on Wednesday, the members of the reconstructed Government held Bibles in hands and murmured the oath of loyalty in the Senate House.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, attended the House dressed in his morning suit of striped pants and black coat.

Mr. Ward, lively Labor interjector, preferred a chocolate-colored suit with a brown shirt.

Mr. Harold Holt, aged 32, looks as if he has already usurped Mr. McCall's title of "Glamor Boy of the House."

His morning suit might have just been unpacked from the tailor's box.

He holds the important portfolio of Minister for Labor—formerly held by Mr. W. M. Hughes.

Mr. Hughes, I noticed, still clings to his stiff, jaw-catching white collar.

In the reshuffle of private rooms in the House Mr. Holt was overlooked, but he has shuffled himself into a basement room and is waiting for the signwriter to put the gold lettering, "Minister for Labor," on the door.

Tactful wife

WHEN the swearing-in was concluded members gathered in the lobbies.

Dr. Evatt and his wife spent half an hour among the files in the library. These two are always together. Dr. Evatt calls his wife "Lass," and always likes to talk over his plans with her.

She deserves the title of most tactful wife. When Dr. Earle Page brought his cup of breakfast coffee to Dr. Evatt's table to have a quiet chat with him, Mrs. Evatt diplomatically confined her attention to the morning papers.

Mr. Justice McTiernan, of the High Court, swore in Dr. Evatt, who resigned from the High Court Bench to contest the recent elections. The two were colleagues on the High Court Bench.

Dr. Evatt in the lobbies here is addressed as "Your Honor," "Doc" and "Bert."

At the official opening by the Governor-General, Lord Gowrie, Canberra people flocked into the galleries to watch historic minutes being chronicled by Hansard men.

These Hansard men are so accustomed to the sound of the speakers' voices they can recognise an interjector without bothering to look up from their paper.

The March of Time photographer, Victor Jurgens, had Klieg lights all set up in the House to film the opening for a world-wide audience. But the shadows of the House were unlighted while Lord Gowrie read his opening speech—the Governor-General had made a polite request, "No lights, please."

Mr. Menzies objected to lights, too, at the swearing-in ceremony, but he overcame the worry simply by holding a huge sheet of paper in front of his face to stop the glare.

This official ceremony took up about half an hour.

Tea party

THERE was then a tea party in the members' dining hall downstairs.

Canberra's social elite were there in their best clothes, and the Ministers' wives met each other in a pleasant, friendly atmosphere.

The Governor-General and Lady Gowrie had gone back to Yarralumla to be there for their big cocktail party at 4 p.m. for the members of the Thailand goodwill mission, and for officials and guests at Canberra.

Lady Gowrie made a quick change from her afternoon frock into a gracious cocktail gown of pastel-blue coloring.

Her garden was raided for the magnificent blooms which decorated the reception-rooms of Government House.

The Prime Minister and Mrs. Menzies and the leader of the Thailand Mission stood by the side of the Gowries to help receive guests and shake hands with the Consular Corps, and to greet Ministers and their wives.

At dinner time the first cars came back to the Hotel Canberra with Yarralumla guests.

A well-known consul was wearing the cyclamen straw hat of one of the senators' wives, and the senator's wife was wearing his bell-topper.

It was all in fun, for on Thursday the more serious side of Parliament began.

The day concluded for most at dinner time. Politicians stayed over at the House chatting till the late hours, while wives entertained each other socially at the hotel.

The final episode occurred at one o'clock in the morning, when 15 Pressmen opened Billy Hughes' bedroom door, turned up the light, and woke Billy from his slumber to ask him for details on an important news item.

HE'S NOT THE MAN I MARRIED

John and Mary Kirby had been happily married for years. They adored each other. Then John was drafted into an essential service . . . the extra strain began to tell on his nerves.

Jumpy, ragged nerves are a sure sign of Night-Starvation. If you wake in the morning tired, if you get run down, irritable, if your nerves are ragged, jumpy, then start drinking Horlicks every night before bed. This nourishing, well-balanced food will restore the vitality necessary to keep your nerves steady — help you carry on.

HORLICKS guards against **NIGHT-STARVATION**

—helps resist the strain.

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London suburbanites as cave-dwellers

More bits about the blitz and people who can "take it"

By beam wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in England

On my London rounds this week I went 120 feet under the chalk hills of the suburb of Chislehurst into lichen-hung caves built by the Druids and now used as bedrooms by 4000 people every night.

Canon J. R. Lumb, rector of Chislehurst, has fashioned an altar at the end of one cave, installed a harmonium, and conducts a nightly service during the blitz.

The cave is not large, but the music of the harmonium and the singing of the choir echo and re-echo through other caves, inhabitants of which take up the singing of hymns.

LITTLE PEOPLE of a London orphanage at their play tables in the garden, while officials examine the damage done to their simple sanctuary by Nazi bombs.

ONE of the "parishioners" is Sidney Seville, 42-year-old sailor who fought at Jutland, where his legs were so injured he is unable to walk. He is in a wheel chair.

He's been living in the caves for three weeks, having been bombed out of his home. His fifteen-year-old daughter, Muriel, looks after him, bringing him meals, and at night-time she prepares his bed by pulling out extensions of his wheel chair.

When a bomb smashed the Carlton Club, home of British Conservatism, there was a large number of Peers and Members of Parliament dining there.

No one was hurt seriously except Lord Hailsham, who was thrown to the ground and covered with dust and debris. His M.P. son, Quintin Hogg, and the Under-Secretary for Air, Captain H. Balfour, rushed to his aid.

"We must get you out of this," Balfour said. "I'll take you in my car."

Just then a club attendant came up to Balfour and asked, "But have you seen your car, sir?"

Balfour went out and found his car a wreck under a huge coping stone and other debris.

Plucky usherettes

HILDA HOADLEY, petite brunette Cockney, is one of the new women cinema operators.

She had just turned on a Laurel and Hardy film when the roar of laughter greeting the comedians' antics was swallowed up in the roar of a bursting bomb.

Glass and rubble flew in all directions in the projection room, covering Hilda's spotless white dungarees.

Picking herself up she felt her way in the darkness to the control switch, turned on the theatre lights, then dashed for her first-aid kit.

"I was watching the screen when suddenly I saw a pale, luminous flash as the screen disappeared in a cloud of debris," she said.

"I remember noticing the beautiful moonlight come flooding down through a gaping hole in the roof. When I got down into the theatre the front seats were a mass of twisted iron.

"Usherettes Joyce Hoye, Ivy Wilson, and Alice Bareham, who were wearing the uniform of the theatre, Russian tunics and long velvet trousers, had already picked themselves up, and though slightly dazed they were rendering first-aid to some of those sitting in the 'ninepennies.'

"William Milverson, another operator, who was badly injured about the head, was showing out people from the back seats who were not injured.

"Milverson held a handkerchief to his bleeding head, but refused to leave until the people were all out."

On the outbreak of war, John Court joined the A.R.P. service as warden. He was most popular in the district, for as he went on his rounds of the shelters he often brought orders of fish and chips from a nearby shop.

The other night he took orders from shelterers under the local laundry, which was one of three public shelters housing people of this little suburban street.

He left with a jest on his lips, but he'd not gone twenty yards when the shelter received a direct hit from a 500lb. bomb, and he was never seen again.

Only seven of those whose orders he took for twopenn'orth of fish and chips are now alive, and they are all in hospital.

Mrs. Alice Hughes, who is a charlady in the city, said: "There are three shelters in our street, and we go to the middle one.

"We'd only been down about an hour when we heard a terrific blast. My eighteen-year-old daughter Joyce ran out and saw the end shelter had been hit.

"She called to our neighbors, engineer Harry Sadler and munition-worker Stanley Williams, for help.

"There was only a small opening, and gas was escaping, but both boys crawled in and groped around."

Williams told me: "I felt around, for I knew the layout of the shelter, and I found a woman with a baby in her arms.

"I tried to talk to her, but she was unconscious. There was no room to get her out, but I was able to pass up the baby.

"I then felt around and found two more babies, and Sadler got them out."

The rescue squad soon arrived and began systematically to dig out the people.

Poignant drama

TALL, slim, darkhaired, pretty Mrs. Aimes married Bill a year ago.

They went to live in a little house and were the talk of the street, so much in love were they.

I saw Mrs. Bill just before dawn. She was staring with drawn face at the heap of ruins from which she had been dragged unconscious the previous night.

Rescue squad workers were still digging.

Between the time the bomb exploded and when she had recovered they'd got out many people, some dead, some hospital cases.

Mrs. Aimes had been round hospitals and morgues, and now she stood staring, tense and silent, hoping that somewhere, somehow, beneath that heap Bill was still alive.

The neighbors stood by . . . equally silent . . . just staring and waiting, too.

Norwegians in London are telling the following story to show their confidence in an Allied victory.

Recently a Norwegian went into Oslo's largest restaurant to reserve a table for the day of King Haakon's return.

The maitre d'hotel said: "I'm sorry; all the tables are already booked for the first three days, but I'll be glad to reserve one for the fourth day."

Queen Elizabeth sent a gift of a wooden case, eight inches by six by one and a half inches, to New York to be auctioned at the ball in aid of Bundles for Britain Fund.

The case will be placed in the vault of the Waldorf Astoria Hotel.

The news of the gift is arousing curiosity, the most popular guess being that the case probably contains a piece of jewellery, possibly a Royal heirloom.

Children reunited

TOMMY SMITH, thirteen years old, lived in the Customs House district of the East End with his mother, grandmother, brother Alec, and three-year-old sister Mary and eighteen-months-old Rosemary.

His father is away at sea.

A bomb dropped close to where the family was waiting to be evacuated. It killed the mother and grandmother.

Tommy and Alec were saved, but they did not know what happened to their sisters.

The boys were sent to a farm with fifteen women and children who were their neighbors. One woman recognised a newspaper picture of a little girl in hospital as Mary, though her curls had been cut.

The woman told Tommy and Alec, who went to the hospital where Mary had been taken, and immediately recognised her.

Then Tommy was shown "an unknown baby." He took her in his arms and cried to the nurse: "Yes, that's our Rosemary," and so the four Smiths were reunited.

Tommy described his escape. "I couldn't see Mummy, and I punched my way through the dust and bricks and things.

"I just managed to get my hand out into the open, and someone saw it and dragged me out.

"I wanted to find Mummy and the babies, but I was taken away by a lady who washed the hurt on my head."

Mary asked for Mummy. "I don't know where she is," said Tommy . . .

When Freda Lester, aged 23, said "Yes" to her flying-officer sweetheart they started collecting for their home.

Three suites of furniture, carpets, curtains, and an exquisite trousseau stood in the newly-rented house.

They planned to be married at the end of November, and Freda looked forward to the day when she would arrange the pieces in their first home.

The house was at Coventry. Freda worked there. She was in her room when Hitler's hordes came.

It became a blazing inferno almost at once.

In another room was the bridegroom's newly-tailored uniform.

Freda ran through the blazing hotel and triumphantly emerged with a greatcoat slung over her shoulders.

Blinded by the smoke, and with her clothes singed, she made for the little house where she hoped to stay till the terrible raid was over, but the house was crumbled to dust and the furniture, carpets, and trousseau lay beneath the ruins.

Still, Freda will be married on November 30 in a temporary registry office, for Coventry's present one is a heap of rubble.

INTERNATIONAL REVELRY. These Scots lassies are dancing with Polish soldiers at their camp in the north. It's not unlikely that the girls will soon be dancing mazurkas while the soldiers try a Highland Fling.

Take It!

The Wonder Tablet

And Stop Limping

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language how the Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue, and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation, *the real basis of sound health!* Prepared in small, delicate tablets by a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue and is absorbed *directly* into the blood-stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biological remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force, stimulating the growth of new, healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

What Users of Elasto say

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Completely healed my varicose veins."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone! I have never felt better."
"Varicose Veins quickly healed after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Elasto has banished my Eczema."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"I am free from rheumatism and neuritis."
"My heart is quite sound again now."

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1552/E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Elasto will save you pounds!

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DO YOU KNOW? STEPPING OVER ROOT MAKES GUMS SORE!

IN MALEKULA (SOUTH SEA ISLANDS) A WOMAN RETURNS TO HER FATHER'S HOUSE THREE YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE, AND REMAINS INSIDE FOR FIVE DAYS BEFORE HAVING ALL HER TEETH DRAWN. DURING THIS TIME SHE MAY NOT TALK TO ANYONE BUT HER FATHER OR MOTHER. EAT PIG OR BANANA, OR STEP OVER A ROOT! IF SHE DOES THIS LAST, IT IS BELIEVED THAT HER GUMS WOULD DEVELOP A BIG SORE!

MAGIC TINY FINGERS THAT END "BACTERIAL MOUTH"

WHEN FOOD PARTICLES BECOME WEDGED BETWEEN YOUR TEETH, "BACTERIAL MOUTH" STARTS. KOLYNOS bursts into a glorious foam of ANTISEPTIC BUBBLES which surge IN BETWEEN YOUR TEETH AND LEAVE them ANTISEPTICALLY CLEAN. YOUR TEETH SPARKLE with NEW LUSTRE AND KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTH PASTES. 1/2 INCH ON A DRY BRUSH IS ENOUGH

TEETH WERE "PEARLS SET BETWEEN RUBIES!"

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM 1/3 and 2/-

KNOX EARLY ENGLISH WRITER, Says:

"A KIND DENTIST DECLARED THAT HE WAS POSSESSED OF AN ART WHICH WOULD PREVENT ALL BAD CONSEQUENCES AND CONTINUE THE BEAUTY OF MY PEARLY ORNAMENTS SET BETWEEN RUBIES. SO THAT THEY WOULD REMAIN UNSULLIED DURING LIFE."

DRY BRUSH

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

A SCIENTIFIC DENTAL CREAM

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CORNWELL'S PURE MALT VINEGAR

Gives finer FLAVOUR to SALADS

CORNWELL'S PURE MALT VINEGAR BREWED FROM MALTED GRAIN

THE VINEGAR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA SYDNEY N.S.W.

PINT & QUARTS

QUARTS and PINTS

Behold, Here's Poison

Continued from page 5

JANET, who hated people to quarrel, hurried into speech. "Aunt Zoe has such wonderful taste!" she said. "I'm afraid I never know what to buy, but of course I don't care for clothes, much. Or jewellery either. Isn't it funny? Because Agnes——"

"Not funny: tragic," said Stella, with a smile that took the sting out of her words. "You look heathenish in that hat, too."

"Oh, Stella, you are awful! Do I really?"

"Yes," said Guy heartily.

"I know you're only teasing me, but I don't care. I think nearly everything is so much more important than mere clothes, don't you?"

"No," said Stella. "You can see I don't."

Janet persevered. "Oh, I know you only say that! Guy has been showing me a design for an overmantel. I think it's marvellous. I should never have thought of green marble. I'm not really a bit artistic. You'd shriek if you saw my attempts at drawing! It's funny, really, because Agnes used to sketch beautifully, and of course she has awfully good taste.

"By the way, mother rang her up as soon as she heard, and she sent her love, and said to tell you all how sorry she is. She'd have come down, only that baby's cutting a tooth, and she doesn't like to leave him."

"I shall give that baby an expensive christening present," said Guy in a burst of gratitude.

Janet giggled. "You are mad! You know he was christened ages ago, the dear mite! Why, he's actually six months old now! It doesn't seem possible, does it?"

As neither Stella nor Guy could think of anything to say in answer to this a silence fell. Janet broke it, saying in a lowered voice: "It's funny, isn't it, the way one simply can't help talking of ordinary, everyday things even when something awful has happened? I suppose it is that one just doesn't realise it at first."

"No, I think it is that uncle didn't really matter to any of us," replied Stella thoughtfully.

"Oh, Stella, how can you?" cried Janet, shocked.

Henry Lupton, who had slipped in unobtrusively and seated himself beside his wife, coughed nervously. Miss Matthews' voice made itself heard from the other end of the room. "All those lovely ivory brushes and things, too! With G.M. on the backs, so they won't be any use to Randall, and it's obviously meant that Guy *should* have them. And I do think we ought to give something of Gregory's to Mr. Rumbold."

"I fail to see what claim Mr. Rumbold has on any of Gregory's possessions," said Mrs. Lupton.

"Not a claim exactly, but he is such a close friend, and we had him to stay when Mrs. Rumbold went to visit her sister. Really quite like one of the family, for I'm sure he treated this house like a second home, playing chess with Gregory, you know. Though I shall always feel it's a pity he ever married that woman."

"Harriet," said Mrs. Lupton, not mincing matters, "you're a sentimental fool, and always have been."

"I may be a fool," said Miss Matthews with a rising color, "but I wish very much that Mr. Rumbold weren't away, because at least he's a man, in spite of being married to that woman and he could advise me."

"I have very little opinion of men," stated Mrs. Lupton, "and I fail to see that you stand in any need of advice. Nothing can be done until the will has been read. I have no doubt that will make very unpleasant hearing, but at least it cannot come as a shock to those of us who have seen what has been going on under our noses for the past five years."

Stella did not feel that she could let this pass. "Yes," she said across the room, "Mother said to-day that she believed uncle was fonder of her than of either of his sisters."

Mrs. Lupton bent a cold stare upon her. "I can well imagine that your mother may have said so, but if she supposes that your uncle had any real affection for anyone but himself she is a bigger fool than I take her for." She turned back to her sister. "Has anyone remembered to inform Randall of his uncle's death?" she demanded.

"I'm sure it's no use asking me," replied Miss Matthews. "I have had far too much to think of."

"If there's one thing more certain than anything else it is that we don't want Randall coming here to make things ten times more unbearable than they are already," said Guy.

"My opinion of Randall must be as well known to you as it is to him," said Mrs. Lupton, "but personal feelings are beside the point. So far as we know Randall is his uncle's heir. He is certainly the head of the family, and he should be summoned."

"I must say," remarked Janet with an air of originality, "that I don't like Randall. I know it's wrong of me, but I just can't help it. He's the sort of person I could never trust. I don't know why, I'm sure."

"Oh, because he's like an amiable snake," said Stella lightheartedly. "Smooth, and fanged."

The door opened. "Mr. Randall Matthews!" announced Beecher.

"Curse it!" said Guy adibly.

There entered a sleek and beautiful young man who paused just inside the door, and glanced round at his assembled relatives with a bland and faintly mocking smile.

He was dressed with the most finicking care, and nothing could have been more symphonic than the blend of his shirt with his silk socks and his expensive tie.

"How lovely for me!" he said in a voice of honeyed sweetness. "Not only my dear Aunt Gertrude and my Uncle Henry, but my charming cousin Janet as well!" He walked forward, and bent to kiss his aunt's cheek. "My dear aunt! You look so nice in that hat."

"Do you think so?" said Mrs. Lupton unresponsively.

"I'VE thought so for years," he said gently, and passed on to Miss Matthews. "You must none of you bother to say how pleased you are to see me," he said. "I can read it in all your expressive faces." He looked critically at Stella, and strolled across the room towards her. "Yes, darling, that is quite a nice frock, but the handkerchief is not only the wrong shade of grey, but quite wrongly tied. Let me show you, my sweet."

Stella pushed his hand away. "No, thanks!"

He was still smiling. "How you hate me, don't you?" he murmured. "And Guy? How are you, little cousin?"

Guy, who did not relish this form of address, glowered at him.

Mrs. Lupton, still rigid with wrath at the edged compliment paid her, said sharply: "I presume you have heard the news of your uncle's death?"

"Oh, yes!" said Randall. "And which of you," he inquired, looking amiably round, "is responsible for dear uncle's death? Or don't you know?"

This airy question produced a feeling of tension, which was possibly Randall's object. Mrs. Lupton said: "That is not amusing, nor is this a time for jokes in bad taste."

Randall opened his eyes at her. "Dear aunt, did you think I was joking?"

"If uncle was poisoned, which I don't believe he was for an instant," said Stella, "you had a bigger motive for killing him than anyone else!"

Randall took a cigarette out of his thin gold case and lit it in a leisurely way. "True, my pet, very true, but you mustn't forget that I was several miles distant when he died. And while I am on the subject may I ask who was responsible for starting this canard that uncle was poisoned?"

"I was responsible for the post-mortem," replied Mrs. Lupton.

"Do you know, I thought perhaps you might be?" said Randall.

"I am by no means satisfied that your uncle died a natural death. I accuse no one; I make no insinuations; but I shall be surprised if my suspicions are not found to be correct."

"I know you like plain-speaking, my beloved aunt," said Randall, "so you will not mind my telling you that I find your behaviour extremely officious."

"Indeed?"

"And ill-judged," said Randall pensively.

"It may interest you to know——"

"Experience, my dear aunt, leads me to reply with confidence that whatever it is you have to say is not in the least likely to interest me."

While Mrs. Lupton fought for words Stella said curiously: "Then you don't think uncle can really have been poisoned, Randall?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," replied Randall. "The question interests me almost as little as Aunt Gertrude's remarks."

"If there's any doubt naturally we want it cleared up!" said Guy, looking defiantly at Mrs. Lupton.

"That was not the tone you used this morning," she commented dryly.

"You must not pay too much attention to Guy, Aunt Gertrude," said Randall. "He is only trying to impress you."

"Confound you, are you hinting that I've any reason for wanting it hushed up?" demanded Guy angrily.

"Don't! He's only trying to get a rise out of you," said Stella. She met Randall's ironic gaze, and said bluntly: "Why are you so against a post-mortem?"

"Oh, I'm not!" Randall assured her. "I was merely looking at it from your point of view."

"Mine?"

"Yes, my sweet, yours, and Guy's, and Aunt Harriet's, and even my clever Aunt Zoe's. You ought all of you to be very thankful for uncle's timely decease. I do not like to see you looking a gift horse in the mouth. Could you not have induced your obliging medical friend to have signed the death certificate, Stella darling?"

She flushed. "Dr. Fielding was perfectly ready to sign the certificate without any persuasion from me. None of us wanted to start a scandal except Aunt Gertrude."

"Of course we didn't," corroborated Guy. "In fact, I said everything I could to stop it."

"Then do not assume a pious attitude now, little cousin," said Randall. "Believe me, it is nauseating."

Miss Matthews, who had been opening and shutting her mouth in the manner of one awaiting an opportunity to enter into the conversation, suddenly exclaimed: "How dare you say that I wanted Gregory to die? I never even thought of such a thing! I may not have been very fond of him, but——" She broke off as Randall's smile grew, and said, trembling: "You are insufferable! Just like your father!"

"My dear aunt," said Randall, "you were not in the least fond of uncle. Nor was Stella, nor was Guy, nor, even, was my clever Aunt Zoe."

"And nor were you!" flashed Stella.

"And nor was I," agreed Randall suavely. "In fact, I can think of no one, with the possible exception of Aunt Gertrude, who was fond of him. Were you fond of him, aunt, or was it a mere question of affinity?"

"I'm sure I was very fond of poor Uncle Gregory," said Janet unwisely.

"How very affecting!" said Randall. "But perhaps you are also sure that you are very fond of me too?"

"I ALWAYS try to see the best in people," said Janet with a bright smile. "And I'm sure you don't mean half the things you say."

Randall looked at her with acute dislike. "I congratulate you, Janet," he said. "Your cousins have been trying to silence me for years, but you have done it with one utterly fatuous remark."

"May I ask, Randall, whether you came here with any other intention than of being offensive to my daughter?" asked Mrs. Lupton.

"Why, certainly," he answered. "I came to satisfy my not unnatural curiosity."

"You mean your uncle's death?"

"I mean nothing of the sort," said Randall. "I was already informed of that, and also of the impending post-mortem, by uncle's solicitor. I was curious to know how you were all behaving in this time of trial, and why it had not occurred to any of you to notify me of uncle's death."

He looked round inquiringly as he spoke, and Guy immediately said: "Because we didn't want you nosing about and creating unpleasantness!"

"Oh, I do hope I haven't done that?" said Randall in a voice of gentle concern.

"As a matter of fact," stated Mrs. Lupton fairly, "I was telling your Aunt Harriet that you ought to be informed when you arrived. Not that I consider you have any cause for complaint. You are not more nearly concerned than Gregory's sisters. Please do not imagine that you need give yourself airs just because you happen now to be the head of the family! There will be time enough for that when we have heard your uncle's will read."

Please turn to page 12

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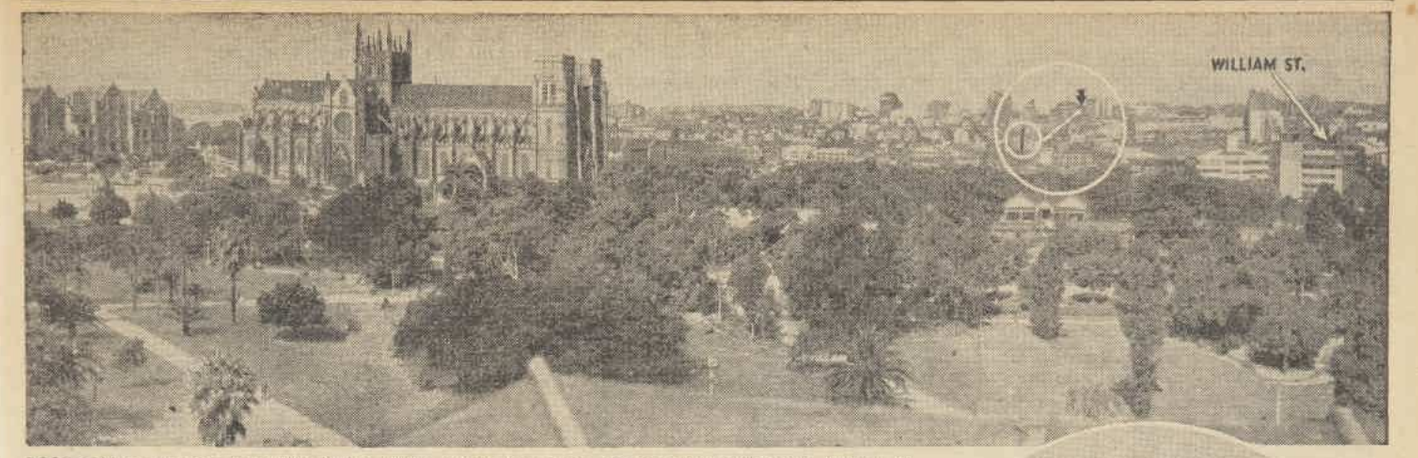
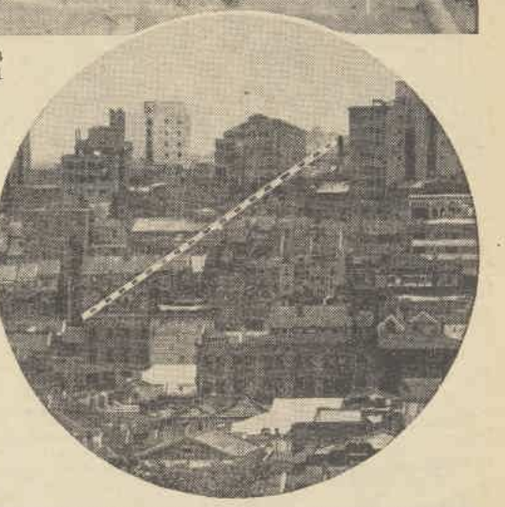


POSITION of proposed tunnel to relieve traffic congestion at the King's Cross bottleneck, Sydney, is shown circled in this panoramic view looking across Hyde Park towards King's Cross. Tunnelling will provide 140,000 yards of spoil for the retaining walls of the great naval dock.

Upset King's Cross Tunnel Scheme

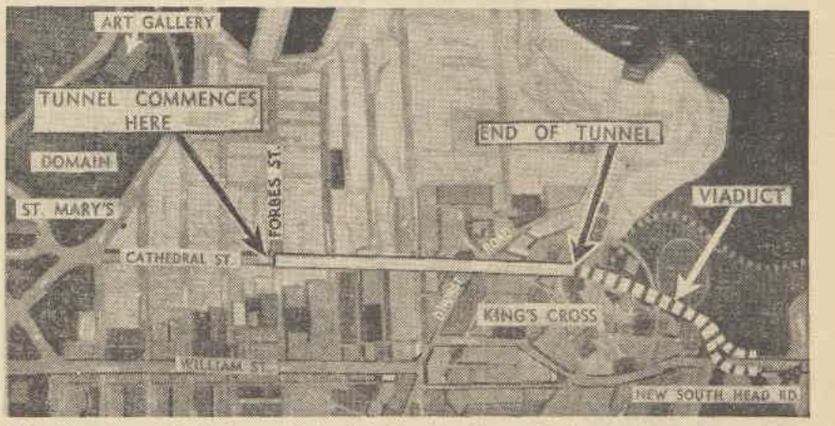
SYDNEY was amused last week when a civic welcome to Mr. Noel Coward upset an important Council meeting to consider hotly-debated £350,000 traffic tunnel under King's Cross.

Lord Mayor Crick withdrew from chair to help welcome Coward, inviting former Lord Mayor Sir Norman Nock to deputise at Council meeting. Sir Norman's casting vote threw out the tunnel scheme for which Crick would have voted. Alderman Crick had to convene another meeting this week, hoping to get Council to reverse its decision.



DOTTED line shows tunnel position. Experts disagree on whether tunnel would provide satisfactory raid shelter.

MR. COWARD, how could you? Lord Mayor Crick (left) and Ex-Lord Mayor Nock inspect Mayoral robes into which Mr. Coward's head has mysteriously popped. Told of his silent part in the tunnel drama, Noel appeared immensely tickled. "Don't tell me I've wrecked Sydney's civic affairs already!" he said, with a whimsical shrug. "How wonderful!"



MAP shows tunnel beginning at Cathedral Street, ending at Roslyn Gardens. It would be 1580 feet long, 70 feet underground. Viaduct would link tunnel with New South Head Road.

DARLINGHURST ROAD, Sydney's most attractive cosmopolitan thoroughfare, would have tunnel passing beneath it.

TRAFFIC JAM at King's Cross, to be abolished by tunnel, which will have four lanes for vehicular traffic, each 11ft. wide, and narrow footpath for refuge in case of breakdown.

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LOOK Younger LOVELIER BY TOMORROW MORNING!

Age shows itself in "Loose Skin." Prove this for yourself. Look in your mirror. Smooth the little lines and wrinkles. Now draw the skin tight with your fingers, and presto! years drop from your age. It is this "Facial Droop" that FACIAL YOUTH so successfully combats. Containing costly "Vitacel," it tones up loose, tired face muscles and tissues, combats excess skin acidity, defeats blemishes, ends wrinkles, blackheads, open pores, shiny or greasy nose, giving you a clearer, softer, lovelier complexion. Facial Youth is also the ideal powder "base." 1/3, 1/9, 2/6 everywhere.

Guarantee T.R.Y. "Facial Youth." USE IT. Follow directions. If not pleased, price refunded in full.

KATHLEEN COURT'S 'Facial Youth' Beautifying CREAM

Asthma Mucus Dissolved 1ST Day

Choking, gasping, wheezing **Asthma** and **Bronchitis** poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health and weaken your heart. In 3 minutes Mendaco—the prescription of a famous doctor—circulates through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day the strangling mucus is dissolved, thus giving free, easy breathing and restful sleep. No dopes, no smokes, no injections. Just take pleasant, tasteless Mendaco tablets at meals and be entirely free from Asthma and Bronchitis in next to no time, even though you may have suffered for years. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to completely curb your Asthma in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your Chemist. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco Ends Asthma . . . Now 3/-, 6/- and 12/-

Our Children Must Meet

Continued from page 3

THE fact that her clothes were old and she had no money to get new ones, that her last pair of good stockings had developed a run she had little hope the girls wouldn't notice, that there were a hundred things the shabby little farmhouse in the country needed to make it comfortable and attractive . . .

If it weren't for Dickie she wouldn't have come to-day.

Living in the country, Dickie saw very little of children. She and Peter gave him all the companionship they could, but of course it wasn't the same. And Dickie wasn't just any placid, contented little child. He had a strangely keen mind and rather breathtaking powers of observation. And when he smiled, as he had smiled a moment ago, it wasn't a casual expression of good humor, but a very personal gift.

"From Dickie to me," she thought gravely, "because he knows he can trust me." A small child's security was, after all, his whole world. Anne could quite easily single out a child who lacked it . . .

Carola di Vasti, for instance, who sat apathetically on the floor near Miss Frith's feet, toying with a rubber doll. No wonder the young Principessa had been so anxious to know the exact ages of the other children. Anne, by rushing so hastily into a silly conversation with Betty Allsop, had tried to save her from having to tell Carola's age . . . which must, from her size, be at least four.

"I don't envy that girl a single million," she thought compassionately. She doubted if the Principessa really knew how backward Carola was, however. Unless you had a basis of comparison, you couldn't possibly gauge a child's progress.

"Shall we let Marcy open her lovely presents now?" said Maida Case brightly. They were heaped on a bridge table in the corner of the room.

Anne had another unworthy little pang, remembering that Dickie's gift had of necessity come from the chain store. "Not that Marcy will care," she told herself sharply. "She may even like it best."

She sat very still while Maida helped her small daughter with the tissue-paper and intricate ribbons. Her silly cardboard jack-in-the-box came first. That was helpful, because it it had come last, after the expensive gifts of the other girls, it would have seemed even more meagre.

Even Anne was unprepared for the Principessa's munificence, a huge box containing all the seven dwarfs, each of which played a different tune when you wound him up . . .

"How simply adorable of you," effused Maida, "Marcy will go wild about them."

"I thought they were cute," said the Principessa diffidently.

Anne felt with a little shock of surprise, "Why, she's shy. All that self-possession is a fake." She wondered if Maida had noticed it, too, if she could see any deeper into the Principessa than her rather marvellous frocking.

"And now the birthday cake," said Maida excitedly. "Marcy, dear, come and let Mummie show you how to blow out the candles."

Agnes helped lift the children into chairs piled with books, which were placed around a small table—all but Carola, who cried and had to be held on Miss Frith's lap.

"They're having jelly instead of ice-cream," explained Maida to the girls. "We'll eat the ice-cream ourselves."

Anne kept on looking at Carola's mother. She saw the bewildered hurt in her eyes, the nervous trembling of the fingers that were holding a cigarette, as Carola, the oldest child at the party, turned out to be the only one who couldn't feed herself.

"I once went to a children's party," remarked Lucia Traymore idly, "where the babies were all stuck in one room and left to bang one another's heads, and the mamas and papas all sat in the living-room and drank champagne. I must say it was a woozy feeling."

"Oh," thought Carol di Vasti desperately, "why don't they stop talking, trying to cover it up? They're all really thinking that Carola—Carola . . ." She bit her brilliantly red lip to keep it from trembling. She looked at Miss Frith, loathing her for not being capable of the truth.

That wasn't surprising. No one had ever troubled Carol Gaston, or later the Principessa di Vasti, with the truth. She must be shielded, cushioned softly on her unbelievable wealth. Too many people were afraid of losing their excellent jobs.

She stirred restlessly in her chair, wondering how she could get away, knowing very well it was impossible. Besides, she had already told Mrs. Case she was expecting a long-distance phone call here. She had left word with the operator.

After six months in this country, after her long-drawn-out and painful divorce from Giovanni, she still felt that desperate loneliness which had swept over her the instant she docked. She had been away too long. No one cared for her or remembered her. The Press called her satirically "Our very best Princess"; what her many casual acquaintances called her she didn't even want to know.

Anyhow, she'd been grateful to Maida Case for having asked her to this party. She supposed she should still be grateful. To know, not to guess . . . And, perhaps, before it was too late . . . "Maybe it is not too late," she thought incoherently.

In her anguish she kept a bright, vacant smile on her lips and watched the children with eyes that saw only their small hands, normally co-ordinated, lifting spoonful by spoonful up to their mouths . . .

She must—she must—keep her mind clear for her phone call. Derek was calling from Hollywood and he wasn't a patient man. The words she must say to Derek were to be well considered, since they were her final answer.

It was no longer bearable to sit there with her thoughts. Crossing the room restlessly towards an ash-tray, though there was a half-empty one by her chair, she paused, and it was then that her eyes met Anne McFrean's.

This girl, for some obscure reason, did not seem to belong with the others.

"ANNE," said Carol, because the "McFrean" eluded her and the agony in her heart wouldn't let her stop to grope, "May I sit by you?"

The dark, comprehending eyes gave her permission. Carol noticed vaguely that Maida Case's thin eyebrows rose, but it didn't matter. All she wanted was for the others to keep on talking while she sat there, as if for human warmth, by the girl in the worn suit.

"Can't I help you?" asked Anne gently, when a minute had passed.

"I don't know——" Carol's words tumbled over one another. "Look at her. You have a son. How would you feel if he—if he were like Carola?"

Anne's thin, roughened fingers — Carol felt absurdly that in the magazines they would be called "dish-pan hands"—closed tightly over hers.

"I don't think there's anything really the matter with Carola," she said.

Carol's heart seemed to stop.

"You don't think——"

"No," continued Anne's calm voice, a voice people believed, "I think she's been neglected. I think she's been made backward by something in her environment that you probably can't put your finger on without careful thought. But I don't think that a child so well developed physically has anything wrong with her mind."

"She's had everything — everything," whispered Carol with bewildered eyes. "Nurses, governesses, scientific equipment, the best of everything . . ."

"But not you. Not her mother."

"I nearly died when Carola was born," said Carol, lips white. "And later there was trouble between my husband and myself——"

"It doesn't matter why," answered Anne gently. "You've said she's had nurses and governesses. How many?"

"Several changes were made. I don't recall how many. She was a rather delicate baby, then, as she grew older, difficult . . ."

Anne glanced impersonally towards Miss Frith at the other end of the room.

"I'd get rid of her next. She feels apologetic about Carola, ashamed to be her governess. A little colored nursemaid for a tiny wage would do better."

Carol had a sudden, strange feeling of having looked at life through a blind spot. Miss Frith must go, of course. To-night, with a month's salary in her purse. There were things that couldn't be bought for Carola no matter how much you paid for them.

"You're kind, Anne," she said humbly. "If you'd just keep on helping me for a little while."

"I'll do anything I can."

The other girls were looking then, rather curiously, as if to see how on earth Anne McFrean and the Principessa had suddenly got so friendly. But the phone jangled sharply before any of them could interrupt.

"That's my call," said Carol quickly. "Where shall I take it?"

"In my room, if you don't mind sitting on the coats." Maida Case led the way. She closed the door after herself, and Carol was alone. Alone in a room full of a big bed, a crystal clock ticking away the minutes, and her crowded heart. Suddenly she felt she had known forever what she was about to say.

"Darling," came Derek's low voice from across the continent. It touched her senses in the old way, as a bow glides over a violin. She sat very stiffly on the edge of the bed and answered him, "Yes, Derek? How are you?" Telling herself sternly that she was only one of thousands of American women who were inexplicably moved by that voice . . .

Please turn to page 16

Goodbye to those painful hours!

103. *"I had hard dry skin on the soles of my feet so I rubbed them well with 'Vaseline' Jelly and I could soon walk in comfort again."—Miss J. Roberts, 2 Erica Avenue, E. Malvern, Vic.*

104. *"I use 'Vaseline' Jelly for blistered heels caused by heavy military boots and for tender shoulders from rifle practice."—Mr. Kimmorley, Pennant Hills Rd., Thornleigh, N.S.W.*

105. *"I found 'Vaseline' Jelly invaluable when Baby was teething. By rubbing it on the swollen gums it relieved the pain and soreness."—Mrs. Godden, Wayside, Rockley, N.S.W.*

106. *"When my sister had a very severe attack of earache my mother made a plug of cotton wool soaked in warm 'Vaseline' Jelly and it was very soothing."—Miss G. White, 110 Percy Street, Portland, Victoria.*

107. *"When I scalded my tongue with hot soup, I put on 'Vaseline' Jelly, and next morning all trace of soreness had gone." — Mrs. Alexander, Harwood, Griffith, N.S.W.*

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Behold, Here's Poison

Continued from page 10

"WHICH reminds me, Harriet, that I must arrange with Mr. Carrington when it will be convenient to him to come down here. In the ordinary course of events I suppose he would come immediately after the funeral, but in this case I am of the opinion that the sooner he comes the better."

"I am glad of that," said Randall. "He is coming on the day after to-morrow."

Mrs. Lupton eyed him with something approaching loathing. "Do I understand that you took it upon yourself to make this arrangement without a word to anyone?"

"Yes," said Randall. "And now, much as I hate to disappoint you all, I regret to say that I shan't stay to tea, but must tear myself away!"

With which parting shot he blew a kiss to the assembled company, and walked out of the room.

He left behind him a feeling of tension which the succeeding days did nothing to allay. Suspense set everyone's nerves on edge, and the visit of Mr. Giles Carrington, of the firm of Carrington, Radclyffe, and Carrington, to read the will on Friday had the effect of causing a great deal of pent-up emotion to explode.

Everyone had nursed expectations; everyone, except Randall, was disappointed. Mrs. Lupton was left a thousand pounds only, and an oil painting of her brother which she neither liked nor had room for on her already overcrowded walls, and was inclined to regard it as an added injury that she was referred to in the will as Gregory's beloved sister Gertrude.

Neither of her daughters was mentioned, and it was insufficient consolation to discover that Guy had been similarly ignored. Stella, in a codicil dated three weeks previously, was to receive two thousand pounds upon her twenty-fifth birthday on condition that she was not at that time either betrothed or married to Dr. Fielding.

The bulk of the estate was inherited by Randall, but a disastrous provision had been made for Mrs. Matthews and for Harriet, Gregory Matthews, with what both ladies could only feel to have been malicious spite, had bequeathed to them jointly his house and all that was in it with a sum sufficient for its upkeep to be administered by his two executors, Randall and Giles Carrington.

To be continued

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If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write R. G. Turnley & Son, 266 Flinders Street, Melbourne.

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Summer Storm

• Her marriage gone awry—her husband a stranger—then Angela met the attractive young airman.

Illustrated by DES CONDON

The sound of Peg's scornful voice came from behind her, and Angela felt Charles draw his arms away.

By Natalie Shipman

PHILIP CUSHING looked across the bridge table at his young wife. This level gaze was ominous, and so was his tone. "Is that your lead?"

"Oh, no!" Angela said gaily. "It's a card I was keeping up my sleeve, just in case." She smiled at their opponents, Molly and Bill Hunter, but she did not feel in the least gay; she felt tired to death of never by any chance doing anything that was right—in other words, that pleased Phil.

Angela looked down at the table and tried to watch what was being played and to remember it. She and Phil both had good hands, and he had doubled; they could have put the Hunters down, but thanks to the ill-advised lead Molly made a triumphant little slam, game and rubber.

Angela leaned across the table and smiled into her husband's dark face. "Darling, I forgot that clubs were trumps. I did, really."

He nodded briefly. "Time for another, Molly?"

"Of course. It's only a quarter past ten. Your deal, Angela."

She thought, as she dealt, how much she disliked bridge; how much, really, she disliked the Hunters. They were perfectly nice; Molly managed her household and her two young children as expertly as she played bridge and golf, which always made Angela feel young and feminine and inefficient. And Bill was a pleasant, humorous creature. No, there was nothing wrong with the Hunters.

They were Phil's oldest friends, part of the crowd of young married and unmarried people who dropped in at the Cushings' three or four or five times a week.

At first Angela had been delighted by it all. It was a dream to be married to Phil Cushing, to live in a lovely house, his father's gift; to have—for the last year—a perfect son. It was far more than she had ever dared hope for in the old days when she had been Angela Crocker, a professor's daughter, living in a small University town.

Phil's voice cut in. "Angela! Hearts are trumps——"

Hastily she reached for the two of hearts that had fallen on his ace of spades, but he said: "No, it's played. Go on, Bill."

Molly protested: "She wasn't thinking."

Angela smiled wryly. "That's just the trouble—I was thinking."

The rubber ended at last, and she pushed back her chair. "Sorry, everyone. That was ghastly bridge, but I've got a headache. If you don't mind——"

"Nobody minds," said Bill Hunter. "And a drink will cure your headache. What's it to be?"

"Nothing, thanks," she said. "We ought to be going. It's late."

Bill said: "Phil wants a drink——"

"I do," said Phil coolly. "That is, if my wife can endure your company a little longer——"

"Don't be silly," she laughed. But he wasn't silly—he was hateful, making her sound as if she wanted to get away. Well, she did.

The men had crossed the big room to mix their drinks, and Molly Hunter, subsiding into an easy chair, said: "Anything wrong, Angela?"

"Just a headache. I'm tired, I suppose—we've been going out a lot lately. You haven't forgotten that you're coming to our camp next week-end, over the holiday?"

"Of course we're coming," said Molly. "What's the best way to go—through Woodstock, or how?"

"Phil knows. Phil," she called, "tell them how to get to the lake."

Phil turned, his elbow on the mantelpiece. "Why don't we drive up together?"

Angela hesitated. "We can't all get in one car, I'm afraid, with our rods and things——"

"Send Douglas up by train with the stuff," Phil said. "I was going to, anyway. He can come back."

"All right. And—and you will have room, anyway, because——" she hesitated, and then plunged in. It might be easier to tell him in front of other people. "I'm flying up with Charles Dane."

"What?" Phil said with surprise.

"Flying?" Molly said.

Only Bill was silent, cocking an eyebrow.

"Yes." Angela felt a blush creep up to her forehead. "He asked me to go with him ages ago, and when we planned this week-end I told him I would. We can land on the lake——"

"I didn't know Charles Dane was coming," said Molly. Over Angela's head her brown eyes met her husband's in an odd little smile. "Who else?"

"Only Peg Hardwick."

"Oh!" Molly nodded. "Yes, she knows him very well."

"But not," Bill said, "well enough to fly with him."

Phil, who had stared at Angela for a moment, turned away with a little shrug. "Angela's mad. She's not going to fly with him, either."

ANGELA sat forward. "But I am! It's all arranged. He's got a brand-new amphibian——"

Phil turned to his wife and spoke as if they were alone in the room. "He may have twenty amphibians, but you're not going to set foot in any plane of Charles Dane's!"

"Darling," Angela said sweetly, "is this a scene?" She looked at Molly. "What about Charles Dane? Is he a menace? I've seen him only a few times, but I think he's charming."

"He's a gilded youth," Bill said. "Younger than most of us—except you, Angela. You're a mere fledgling——"

"Not old enough to fly?"

"Well"—Bill was laboriously cheerful—"they do say that Charles is a wild sort of bird, in spite of all his experience. His old man manufactures aeroplane engines, you know, so he ought to know what he's about, but still—Well, Angela, I don't know. He's handsome, and most people like him, when they see him, which isn't very often. He's usually tearing about the country testing planes, and so on. He has a lot of irons in the fire."

"And is Peg Hardwick one of them?" Angela murmured.

"Now there," said Bill, "is a grand girl. Don't you think so, Phil?"

"Yes," said Phil. "I do."

It was funny, Angela thought—though not so very funny—that Peg Hardwick, whom the men called a grand girl, should be rather like Charles Dane. They had the same brilliance and dash, the same ruthlessness, even the same tawny kind of good looks. But Phil—and Bill, too—disliked Charles. She had suspected it, though when she had suggested asking him and Peg for the week-end Phil had said: "Why not? Six are better than four—" and had made no further comment. And she had put off telling him of her plan to fly because it was better, nowadays, to avoid arguments.

Certainly it was better at this moment. She got up. "We've had a lovely time, Molly. Don't forget next Friday. I'll ring you up and tell you about clothes, but there are a lot of extra jackets and waders and things at camp. Come on, Phil."

A moment later the door closed behind them and they were alone, driving through the clear summer night. Phil did not speak. How queer, Angela thought, that this was the boy she had fallen in love with the first moment she met him at Marcia Mayo's house party; the boy who monopolised her all week-end, who drove up to see her three days after she got home, who caught her up and swept her along with such heady rapidity that she forgot who she was, and before she remembered she was no longer Angela Crocker, but Mrs. Philip Cushing.

The first year was enchanted. All that year and part of the next Angela was utterly happy. And her happiness had little or nothing to do with the fact that this new life—Phil's life—was so much more easy and spacious and gay than the world of her childhood; it was based on companionship and laughter and fun with her husband. Even when she was ill, before little Phil was born, she had been happy. Phil was delighted about the baby.

But afterwards — that was when things began to go wrong. It took her a long time to recover, and during her convalescence she saw that Phil was growing restless. "Let's get hold of some people," he would say. "We can talk, or play bridge, and when you're tired you can simply go to bed. Shall we?"

Angela smiled. "Of course. You've been horribly bored being a mother's helper, haven't you, darling?"

"With you?" He laughed and shook his head, and she believed him, until she saw the eagerness with which he plunged into the old life of parties and people.

She plunged into it herself as soon as she could, and for nearly a year things went on much as they had before. But little by little she found herself noticing how often she and Phil disagreed about small things.

They began to grow irritable with each other. Angela had a quick temper, but she had been brought up in a household of quick tempers; her father exploded, and then burst out laughing or turned charmingly penitent; in either case, the storm was soon over, and she was like him. Phil was more equable, but his bad moods were far more lasting. Nothing was forgotten; it went on and on, smouldering behind his maddeningly formal manner.

During the last few months she had become more than casually interested in Charles Dane. She had met him before little Phil was born, and he had been charming.

He talked to Angela about flying. "I'll take you," he said promptly, when she told him she had never been up.

Then for several months she forgot all about him, until one day when she was almost well he appeared with a huge box of jonquils. "They look like you," he said, and his careless manner robbed the remark of triteness. "Gay, you know, in a nice way, and young and fresh——"

She laughed. "I'm beginning to feel like that again, so perhaps they're a symbol."

"Let's hope so. I'm going to stay at home for a while. Couldn't we try to find some fun together?"

"Why not?" she said, adding quickly: "Hatfield can provide amusement, you know, if you stay long enough to find out where to look for it."

"I think I know where," said Charles.

That was in February. Since then he had become part of the group that dropped in casually at the Cushings'. At first she thought that Phil liked him, and then she wasn't so sure. Yet he hadn't said a word about Charles until to-night.

They were at home, driving through the gate. Phil drew up at the steps and Angela slipped out.

"Got your key?"

"Yes." And as she let herself in she thought: "That's the first word we've spoken in half an hour's drive."

She went upstairs into their big bedroom that overlooked the terrace. She heard the front door close, and hurried with her undressing. If she were in bed when he came up, they might avoid an argument.

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An Editorial

NOVEMBER 30, 1940.

SYMBOL OF THE JERVIS BAY

"I AM going to engage the enemy."

This simple naval message has come to mean as much in our day as Nelson's famous signal—"England expects that every man this day will do his duty."

Signalled by Captain Fegen of the Jervis Bay, it was the prelude to one of the most gallant fights in British sea history.

A picture that will remain etched on our minds is that of the little Dominion liner in the North Atlantic steaming right into the 11-inch guns of the German raider spitting defiance as she went.

The dash and resource shown by Captain Fegen saved most of the convoy from destruction. With an arm blown off by gunfire, he continued in command of the ship till he went down with her.

It was not for spectacle he sent his auxiliary cruiser against the heavily-armed pocket battleship, but for the practical purpose of drawing the battleship's fire.

He succeeded in doing this and most of the convoy escaped as a result of his strategy.

The posthumous award to him of the Victoria Cross sets the official seal on one of the most outstanding acts of heroism of the war.

The fact that the Jervis Bay was built as a Commonwealth liner and was a familiar sight in Australian harbors brings us very close to this story of unforgettable bravery and resource.

The spirit of Captain Fegen's signal is the same deathless spirit which inspired the heroes of the Graf Spee encounter, of Narvik, and of the cruiser Sydney's action against Mussolini's crack Bartolomeo Colleoni in in the Mediterranean.

"To engage the enemy." On sea, land, and air that is our purpose until victory is won.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

A.I.F. RAAF RAN

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies or extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

Staff-Sergeant J. Anderson in Palestine to his wife in Albert Park, Vic.:

"I HAD dinner with a sheikh the other night. He is leader of a tribe of 25,000 men.

"On my arrival at his home I was introduced to his wife and family, who promptly dismissed themselves. It seems to be the custom that women take a back seat here.

"I partook of a number of dishes before starting the meal proper—cheese, olives, salmon, sausages, brains, rissoles, ham, pickles, and tongue, washed down with whisky, beer, and an Arabian drink called arrack.

"After that we sat down to our meal. Fish was the first course.

"The fish was about three feet long, and when I was helping myself to a portion of it at one end the other end extended past the person sitting next to me.

"Then a whole sheep was placed on the table. Instead of carving it as we do, the sheikh tore pieces off it with his hands and handed them round.

"He put two handfuls of stuffing on my plate plus two handfuls of peas, and half a dozen rissoles were placed on top, and on top of that again about a pint of cream. By that time I could just see him over the top of my serving.

"After I got through that I waddled into the drawing-room, in which cigarettes and cigars were handed out with more whisky, beer, and arrack.

"Following three hours of this hospitality I was—much to your surprise, and mine also—able to reach my billet. It is an experience I shall remember."

✦ ✦ ✦

Gunner N. R. Nairn to his mother in Glyde St., Albert Park, S.A.:

"I HAD a game of cricket for our Battery on the famous Hampshire ground.

"There is talk of an A.I.F. team, so I may yet get that game at Lord's on The Oval which I have dreamed about since Woodville High School days.

"The English countryside is really beautiful, with its country lanes, high hedges, and huge, spreading trees.

"The English 'Tommy' is a fine soldier and a man, and we sure feel proud to be fighting beside him."

✦ ✦ ✦

Leading-Aircraftsman K. Elliott at Darwin to a cousin in Ascot Vale, Vic.:

"IT is very funny to see everybody in the huts after work.

"We all rush for the showers, and then have a footbath after the shower. The footbath is a large tub at the door of the shower-room filled with Condy's crystals.

"The next step is the 'Johnson's Baby Powder.' How's that—gone right back to childhood days again.

"I'm turning into a real sissy using this powder. Next thing I'll be using will be 'Evening in Paris' or 'Night in Footscray,' or some such other scent."

Winnie the War Winner

"Again they haven't cleaned my shoes—I'm most certainly going to complain."

From a quartermaster-sergeant in England to his wife in Toowong, Brisbane:

"AS I look over the hills and valleys around us, as I see the hedges, the thatched roofs of the farm-houses, the cultivated fields, winding country lanes and ancient ruins, I feel as if it has always been part of my life. No wonder we came over to fight.

"Keep the chin up, darling. I won't be long coming back.

"I want to see our babies before they grow up and to see you, dearest, before the silver threads appear.

"Good-night, dear. Dream of our future together, as I do.

"Plan for it as I do. When I come home we will compare plans and pick the best—I hope yours are the best.

"You and our dear little children are always in my thoughts, duty or no duty."

✦ ✦ ✦

Stoker Les Skordon with the Australian Navy to his mother in Ashfield, N.S.W.:

"JUST a line to let you know I am safe and sound, and that I received my birthday cake and books, also in another parcel tobacco and underpants.

"Tell Allie I received the Bible she sent, also, and no doubt she'll be pleased to know I am reading it and I appreciate it very much.

"Well, old dear, I've been away twelve months.

"The enemy bombers do not dive. They are not game enough to come down lower than 20,000 feet.

"So by sheer luck we're still here to tell tales. We've been in over 130 air raids. The bombs come close now and again, but we just laugh and joke when they are falling."

A Queenslander in England to his mother in Toowoomba, Qld.:

"I AM just back from a gas school where I went through most of the war gases.

"They are not as bad as I thought they would be—that is, if you do the right thing to protect yourself.

"We were in barracks and I can tell you it was a change from the old tent. We had hot showers and baths, also beds with four blankets and two sheets.

"We were also able to get four articles of clothing a week washed free."

✦ ✦ ✦

Gunner V. Taylor in Darwin to his mother, Mrs. V. Taylor, Hornsby, N.S.W.:

"THERE is plenty of shooting up here, Mum. We shoot wild geese.

"We go out in parties to the 25-mile lagoon and shoot them with shotguns and rifles. They are lovely to eat, so you can just imagine how I make short work of them when they are cooked.

"I saw my first real live crocodile yesterday near the baths where we were swimming. I saw this thing floating in on the tide, and I drew my cobber's attention to what I thought was a log of wood floating about 30 yards outside the baths.

"But as we watched the rear part of it went under the water, and just the head was showing, so we knew then it was a crocodile.

"I have also been fishing and caught some fair-sized parrot fish the other night. We lit a fire and cooked them true nigger fashion over the fire.

"No wonder I am getting so fat, Mum. The life up here will do me."

✦ ✦ ✦

Sapper S. Parsell in Egypt to Mrs. J. Doling, Croydon Park, N.S.W.:

"WATCH for the newsreel starring the 'Aussies in Egypt.'

"My pal and I climbed the highest pyramid—450ft.—carved our names there, and as we staggered to the bottom again were met by the official war photographer, who asked us to do a short dash back of 100 yards or so for his film.

"Being good Aussies we obliged, and proceeded to fill the camera with our stupendous climbing prowess, waving to people below as instructed.

"The cameraman followed us to the quarter-way mark and got us to also 'do our stuff' with the Sphinx as a background.

"Then he made a polite request to repeat the pyramid performance with a couple of Egyptian soldiers added for local color.

"By this time we were feeling like a camel on his fourteenth day away from water."

✦ ✦ ✦

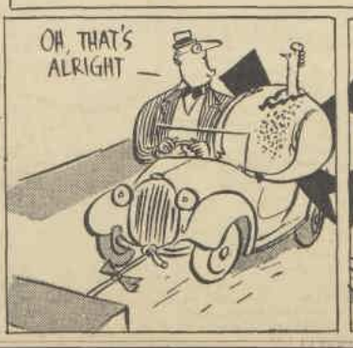
A gunner in England to a friend in Brighton, S.A.:

"MY tent mates are a cosmopolitan group. There are seven of us all told, and we include two N.S.W. boys, two from West Australia, and three good old South Australians.

"They are a wonderful lot, and I wouldn't be without their company for the world.

"I worked in an office, two were miners in Kalgoorlie, one is an electrical engineer, one a telegraph operator, one a carpenter, and the other a baker, so you can see we come from all walks of life."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By WEP*



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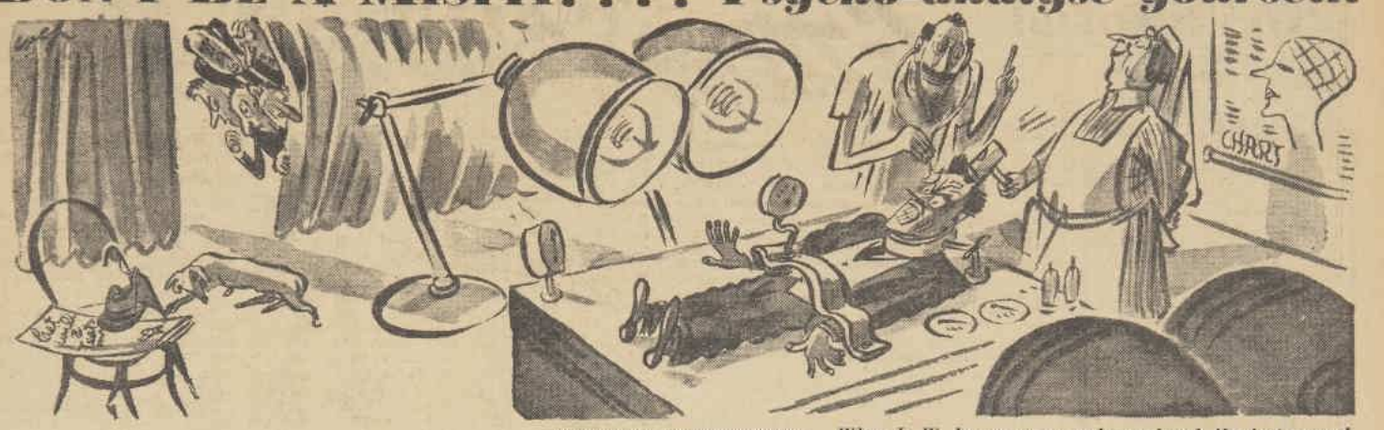
DON'T BE A MISFIT! . . . *Psycho-analyse yourself!*



When L. W. Lower was psycho-analysed, the test proved that he should have been anything but what he is.

How to satisfy your ambition and be a success . . . or a failure

Some genius has discovered that there are many misfits in our industrial and professional life. How true!

So you won't be surprised to learn that I think the idea of establishing vocational schools a very sound one.

By
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

FROM the age of eleven I have always wanted to be a Red Indian, only I am not red enough.

Furthermore, there seems to be very little demand for Red Indians these days.

That is the catch in these vocational schools.

After exhaustive research and examination it is discovered that you are eminently fitted to be a dentist, for instance.

What about it? you ask. It is a very respectable profession. Sure it is. But I should say that there is at least one dentist to every four patients.

When the dentist has used up his quota for the year, he just has to sit in his waiting-room and read the "London Tatler" of 1898.

In these vocational schools—they called it Industrial Psychology, or something, a few months ago—the fair dinkum report on the child's mental abilities is somewhat rare. I mean to say, you can hardly send a report to the parent saying:

"Dear Sir,—Having thoroughly examined your boy Horace, I find that he has all the qualifications to become a coal-miner or a brick-layer's laborer."

You'd have to break it down somehow and say he should have a promising career in the Navy.

Another thing. How does a fireman, for instance, become a fireman?

Does some vocational expert stare down at the little chap's cot and say to the eagerly waiting parents: "Yes. He's a born fireman. I'd advise you to apprentice him to the nearest fire-brigade as soon as he gets old enough."

How many fond fathers have picked up the baby, received a smack on the nose from a tiny fist and exclaimed, "Did you see that!"

Then he pokes his nose up near the baby again and the child naturally tries to smack it out of the way once more, and his future is settled so far as his father is concerned.

He's going to be a champion boxer.

The fond father will then go about telling his mates about it, adding modestly, "Of course, I used to be pretty handy with my fists myself in my younger days. I suppose that accounts for it."

Alas, there are very few of us who are not misfits.

For instance, I should have been an artist's model, and look what I've sunk to. A blasted journalist!

The people in charge of these vocational schools mean well. On their advice, parents will slave and save to educate young Freddie to become an architect.

Hounded by the family, the youth becomes a qualified architect. Then, with a sigh of relief, he chucks it up and joins the police force.

Ambition is a strange thing. Some poet made a remark about rising on the steps of oneself, or something absurd like that. If you can only rise by stepping on yourself, I consider it safer to stay where you are.

There's another thing. Would any of these experts have the nerve to say that a boy should be a poet?

Did Papa Longfellow, listening to the periodic bawling of the infant Longfellow, say to his wife, "He seems to have a well-developed sense of rhythm. I think he'll be a poet when he's older."

"Really, my dear! It would be so nice to have a poet in the family."

"Yes. Read him a canto of Chaucer every night before he goes to sleep."

Whether these vocational schools will solve the problem of the misfit and the round peg in the square hole is not for me to say.

I will say that whatever occupation one takes up one still finds oneself in a hole of some sort eventually.

It must have frequently occurred to you, as it has to me, "How on earth did that oaf get to the position where he is to-day? He's dull, he's stupid, he's flop-eared, fat, piggy-eyed, and half-educated. How?"

That's easy. Luck, cheek, and obstinacy. Pig-headed obstinacy is another word for determination.

All the "How To Get On" treatises go in big for determination.

Emerson, who was always shooting off his mouth about something, said that if a man living in the middle of a forest made the best mousetraps in the world, the whole world would beat a path to his door.

There's an idea. Make mousetraps. The scheme has illimitable scope, because when the mousetraps started to prove a bit too efficient you could start breeding mice and let them loose all over the country.

When I am very old I will be able to observe the results of these vocational schools. At present I think that whatever your vocation you can't eat it.

Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but I still think that the old tooth and claw business goes. Hop in where you can, and grab what you can get.

How you get it doesn't matter so long as you stay out of gaol.

What a blessing it is that SANITARY PROTECTION is now worn INTERNALLY!

To-day women can be on active service EVERY day in the month. They're free of traditional disadvantages. Tampax has revolutionised the old clumsy and uncomfortable methods of personal hygiene. Tampax—worn internally—gives safe and certain sanitary protection while allowing full freedom of action. Tampax takes up next to no kit-room (or slips conveniently into your handbag). It's easily used and simply disposed of. And you don't know you're wearing it.

HANDY-SIZE PACKET of 3, only 10½d.; packet of 6, 1/9; large, economical-size packet of 10, 2/3; from chemists, beauty salons and stores — or use coupon.

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Tampax is approved by doctors — accepted for advertising by the Medical Journal of Australia, the British Medical Journal, and the Journal of the American Medical Association.

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SEND 10d. in stamps, for your packet of 3 Tampax in plain wrapper (or illustrated folder and "Figure Beauty and Hygiene" booklet, posted free on request) to NURSE SIMPSON, Box 980 GG, G.P.O., Sydney. Box 972, G.P.O., Melbourne. Box 1653B, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 750E, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box C497, G.P.O., Perth. Box 13, P.O., Hobart.

Name
Address DW.W2011

For lovely hair. FREE OFFER 3d. packet of famous Camilatone Tonic sent Free to all ladies who use this coupon. Please state color of hair.

Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made Mixture That Quickly Darkens it.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded, or grey hair, which turns black, brown, or light brown as you desire. Of course, you should do the mixing yourself to save unnecessary expense.

"Just get a small box of Orlex Compound from your chemist and mix up with 1 ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce Glycerine, and 1 half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky, and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."***

Refreshing! Invigorating! The lively stimulation of Pears' Tonic Action wakes up lazy cells and tissues . . . brings back radiant loveliness. No other soap is so thoroughly matured, so mellow and pure as Pears.

There is no waste with Pears' Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.

Pears
ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT SOAP

A. & F. PEARS LIMITED

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HEAR EASILY

If you suffer from impaired hearing you owe it to yourself to try the Western Electric Ortho-Technic Hearing Aid. Developed by Western Electric, the greatest name in the science of sound, it enables you to hear clearly again, to take part in group conversations, to enjoy natural tone with greater volume. Both bone and air conduction types available, and complete service throughout the Commonwealth. Demonstrations at any of the following.

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ROMANCE OF A DEEP TROPICAL

Sun TAN

AND NO BURN!

Gorgeously sun-bronzed girls compel admiration — and nothing suits men and kiddies better than a healthy tan! "Cooltan" ensures a quick, rich Tan—and real protection against burn, redness, blisters, freckles! Tans in 3 hours. No grease. No dye. For face and body. Get this gorgeous, thrilling, Coppery Tan to-day! Obtainable from all Chemists & stores. Giant tubes 1/6. Or, by post, from Kathleen Court, Shell House, Sydney. Gain Glamour BY USING **cooltan**

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/6.

A little MISCHIEF

makes the party go . . . !

Only a fragrance . . . but a fragrance that's 'got something'. Makes you feel smart . . . makes you look gay . . . makes HIM feel romantic! Very chic . . . very 'interesting' . . . and not very costly. And it ALWAYS keeps fresh . . . on frocks, furs, undies, hankies.

SAVILLE'S *Mischief*

Trial Size . . 2/6
Also in Smart Novelty Packs 3/9

The romantic PERFUME that is always FRESH . . .

In swagger black & silver flasks 5/9, 10/9, 24/6.

"If I weren't in the middle of a picture nothing could keep me from flying east. You know that, don't you, Carol?"

"Yes."

"It's scarcely bearable to be forced to settle our lives over the long-distance phone, but I'll make this up to you, darling. I swear it."

"Derek," she said desperately, her lips very cold and immobile to words, "I don't know how to tell you this so you'll understand. But Carola and I are not coming."

First he laughed tenderly, indulgently, as at a foolish child; then, as she was silent, he said sharply, "Don't play with me, Carol. This is no longer a shipboard flirtation—I'm dead serious."

"I know you are, Derek. I'm sorry."

"Three weeks ago you loved me. Now you're calling it all off. Why?"

"Three weeks ago I wanted you," she corrected him gently. "Perhaps I still do. But it's no good, Derek. I won't throw myself blindly into marriage a second time because of—of an exciting voice and handsome eyes—or even because I'm lonely . . ."

"Carol!" he began again.

"No, please." She drew strength from her own grief. "I have a job to do. For Carola, who has never had her mother. This is good-bye, Derek, for now and always." Very quietly, watching her fingers as if fascinated by their certainty, she put the phone back on the stand.

She thought there had been something real, something besides anger in Derek's voice. But she could not even be sure of that. With a bitter little shadow of a grin, she wondered if Derek had been sorrier to lose Carol Gaston—or Carol Gaston's millions.

"And that," she thought at last, "is something I'll never know. A mystery, along with the mystery of whether Giovanni ever loved me—of whether any man ever——"

She walked across the foyer and stood a brief moment in the archway to the living-room. Anne McFrean had Carola in the curve of her arm, showing her how to put a colored peg in its hole. The wonderful thing was that Carola was interested, she was trying. Presently, with only the slightest pressure of Anne's finger to help her, the peg fell into place with a clatter. Anne laughed and the child, flinging back her head to look into Anne's face, joined in with a high, sweet laughter of her own.

Carol put a hand to her throat. She mustn't let the sound come out, the sound—half a sob, half triumph—which might frighten Carola.

Maida Case said: "Your ice-cream's melting. And you simply must have a piece of Marcy's birthday cake."

Our Children Must Meet

Continued from page 12

Maida felt uneasy and blamed it unreasonably on Anne. The party had turned out so differently from what she had expected. It was five o'clock and she hadn't got to know Carol di Vasti a bit better than their nodding acquaintance at the autumn committee meetings. Anne, who must be much deeper than she looked, had contrived to take Carol away in front of Maida's own eyes . . .

"The well-laid plans of mice and men" popped maddeningly into Maida's head. For she had had plans, nebulous but delightful. She and Carol were to become really close friends, so that Marcy and little Carola might begin their own friendship in childhood—go to the same school, subscribe to the same holiday dances, make their debuts together . . . Marcy must never have the hard pull Maida had had to get ahead. She must never live on the precarious fringe of other girls' good times.

Naturally, Maida, having married acceptably, was not without friends. There were Betty Allsop, Lucia Traymore, and a great many others who were willing enough to know her now. But Carol di Vasti could have helped so much; even, in all probability, to the extent of throwing business Jim's way.

She refused to believe Anne had beaten her at her own game. Abandoning Betty and Lucia, who were on their knees trying futilely to make Peggy and Pony exchange a kiss, "because it would be so cute if they would," she went over to sit by Carol. Coolly ignoring Anne, who should certainly be made to realise her place in all this, she plunged breathlessly into animated chatter.

She might have succeeded, too, if Peter McFrean hadn't come along and broken the party up. As it was, Peter—even her five-minute glimpse of him—contributed to her annoying uneasiness.

He blew into the steam-heated room like a blast of cold air, as tweedy and shabby as Anne, a lanky redhead with grey eyes that pulled you apart . . .

Before he even stopped to be introduced to the girls he said, "Hello, fellow," and had Dickie swung up in his arms.

"Pete," said Anne, gently, "you've heard me speak so often of Maida Case and here she is."

Peter took Maida's hand in a grip that made her rings hurt.

"How do you do, Mr. McFrean," she said politely. She presented him to Betty and Lucia, and, last, to the Principessa. She couldn't quite dislike him, but she didn't like to look at him. Because when she did she had to stop feeling that contemptuous pity for Anne.

"We've already missed the five-eleven, but we can get the five-thirty-five if we hurry," said Peter.

"I thought you drove in, Anne."

"We could never put Hepzibah to such a strain at her age," said Anne easily. "It's all she can do to wheeze *four* miles to the station and back."

Both of them looked positively delighted, Maida thought, as if they enjoyed driving an old rattle-trap and living in a horrible, primitive farmhouse miles from nowhere . . .

"They're in love with each other," her mind added, with a sort of despair, "terribly, terribly in love, I could tell the instant he came in the room."

She had no intention of going to the roots of that despair, of making dangerous comparison between Peter McFrean and Jim. Jim, who had to take a beating every hour he spent on Wall Street, so that Maida and Marcy might wear their black velvet mother-and-daughter dresses and live in a tiny apartment with, nevertheless, a Sutton Place address . . . Jim said often, knitting his forehead into ugly little lines that made him look more than thirty-two, almost old, "We ought to get out, Maida, while there's time. I'm still able to start afresh and maybe——"

But she couldn't, she couldn't. With any less money they couldn't live in New York at all, and if they didn't live in New York, where she had at least made a beginning, what would there be for Marcy?

Anne McFrean was gathering her things together, when Maida heard Carol speak almost humbly to Peter.

"Your wife has been kind enough to ask Carola and me out to your farm next week-end. I'm very grateful to her."

"We'd love to have you," said Peter heartily. Maida wondered if he could possibly fail to know who the Principessa di Vasti was. He didn't act as if he knew. He looked down at Carol from his rangy height as a St. Bernard gives a kindly attention to a lap dog, and added, "As a matter of fact, you have a treat in store for you, young lady. Anne's a superlative cook."

Then in the space of a few minutes the girls and the children were all gone. All but Marcy, who looked up at Maida expectantly, knowing very well it was bedtime.

"We'll let Agnes pick up the toys to-night," said Maida gently, taking the baby's hand. In the nursery she undressed Marcy, putting the velvet dress carefully on a hanger. There was a deep hem so it would last another season.

"Have you had a happy birthday, darling?"

"Birfday," echoed Marcy.

Maida brushed the soft blonde hair, pushing up its natural wave with coaxing fingers. She got the jar of cold cream from the bureau and smoothed careful little dabs of it on Marcy's face. She looked at her with a scrutiny almost savagely tender. Marcy had been without a doubt the most beautiful child in the room. You didn't have to be her mother to recognise it.

Whatever she and Jim had done with their love in the years just past—lost it, mislaid it, destroyed it . . . still it had given them Marcy. "She's got something I never had," thought Maida, with her hand under the child's soft chin.

She heard Jim's key in the lock. If he were tired to-night, tired enough to grumble about the game not being worth the candle, she could go on reasoning, pleading, flicking the whip to his pride.

"Night-night, my darling." She switched off the light and closed the nursery door. There was time yet. She could afford to wait.

(Copyright)

WHAT'S *the* Answer

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

1—**"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!**
Where burning Sappho loved and sung."
Those lines were written by the poet
Keats — Shelley — Swinburne—Rupert Brooke — Byron.

2—**"I'll baste the meat," said Mrs. Suburbs, meaning that she would**
Cut it in small pieces—simmer it very slowly—keep it moistened with liquid fat while roasting—pound it hard, to soften it before frying.

3—**Congratulations, Franklin D. Roosevelt, again President of the United States. The first President of the United States was**
George Washington — Abraham Lincoln—Benjamin Franklin — Thomas Jefferson.

4—**Your index finger is**
The middle one—the little finger—the thumb—the one next the thumb.

5—**What's an accolade?**
The act of conferring knighthood — a cloister — a religious torchlight procession — a round of highly congratulatory applause.

6—**Last Sunday was the anniversary of the birth of heroine Grace Darling. Where was her father stationed as lighthousekeeper at the time of her famous rescue?**
On one of the Shetland Islands—on one of the Orkneys—on the island of Guernsey—on one of the Farne Islands.

7—**In a quire of paper, there are**
24 sheets—144—240—480—124.

8—**Who is Postmaster-General of Australia now?**
Mr. Fadden — Senator Foll — Senator McLeay—Mr. Harrison—Senator McBride.

9—**By all means, perk up that dish with red pepper. Did you know, by the way, that red pepper**
Is made from finely-ground chillies—is really only white pepper, colored and with the flavor strengthened—comes from a special peppercorn—is the crushed leaf of a tropical shrub.

10—**You should know this, but it may trick you. Alice Springs is in**
South Australia—the Northern Territory.

Answers on page 36

LIPS THAT MADE HIM *Stop, Look and Linger*

Each time that he saw her the youth and freshness of her lips made his heart beat faster. Each caress left him with a memory of their fragrance. . . . Today, when she meets him at the altar, those lips may tremble a little but will be as lovely as rosebuds. Through rain and shine they will keep their youth so that he will always welcome their touch. Never will she depart from the beauty care of Michel. She knows that, despite the passing years, Michel keeps lips as smooth as velvet and alluring with rapturous color. Her Michel color is Cherry — but you may prefer Blonde, Capucine, Brunette, Vivid, Scarlet, or Raspberry. *Price 2/3 each. At all Chemists and Stores.*

Michel

MAKES LIPS IRRESISTIBLE

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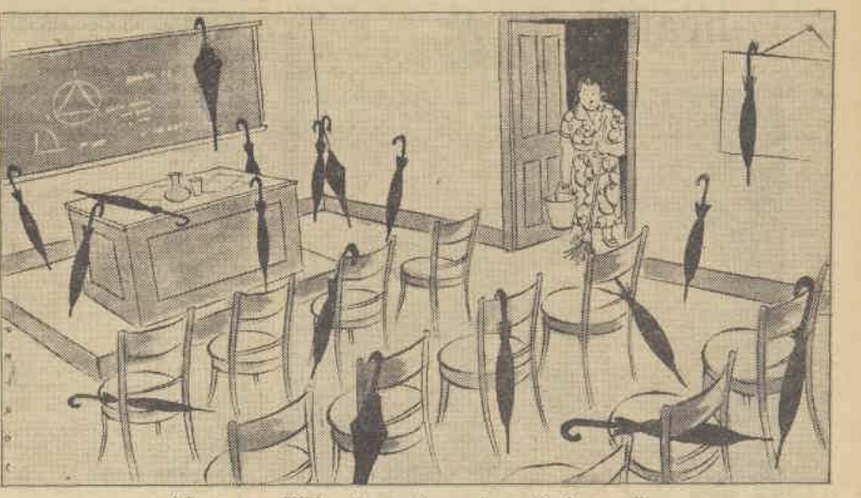
MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"Twenty's a nice age for a girl!"
"Yes, especially if she's thirty!"

HE who laughs LASTS



"Come on, Hilda, the professors' meeting's over."

ORATOR: And now, gentlemen, I wish to tax your memory.
MEMBER IN AUDIENCE: Good heavens, has it come to that?

"Gosh, I must have struck a sunken mine!"

'worth a guinea a box'

Beecham's Pills

For a ripe old age!

Today there are millions of happy, healthy people who have found Beecham's Pills to be the secret of life-long fitness. Why don't you adopt the Golden Rule of Health and take Beecham's Pills to keep free from everyday ills? Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable; gentle, natural, effective, reliable. Take them from today!

Obtainable everywhere.

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LAXATIVE

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

FOREMAN: You must not smoke at work.
Workman: Who's working?

INSPECTOR (checking up on petrol rationing): Do you use your car solely for pleasure?
Motorist: No. Mostly to take my wife out at the week-end.

MRS. FLATTIE (disgusted): At one time we could listen to our neighbors in the next flat through the wall, but now these refugees have taken it we can't understand a word!

"IT'S not a thing I like to mention, old chap, but your cheque has come back."
"That's funny, doctor, so have my symptoms."

"WHY, I'm sometimes taken for my own daughter."
"Nonsense! You don't look old enough to have a daughter so old."

"LAST night I dreamt of a most wonderful pearl necklace, and to-morrow is my birthday."
"Now, that's a brilliant idea—I'll buy you a dream book."

"AND how did you find the bath-salts, madam?" asked the chemist.
"Well, they taste very nice," said the ingenuous shopper, "but I don't think they have the same effect as a real bath."

DO YOU SUFFER WITH YOUR FEET?

If So You Need

Zam-Buk

IF you want to get through the day in comfort—at home or on holiday—you must look after your feet.

The best way to avoid sore, aching feet and swollen ankles is to bathe the feet in warm water and, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. Do this at bedtime (and morning, if possible), and you will be surprised at the immediate relief you get. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin.

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation are quickly relieved. Corns and hard growths are softened and easily removed; blisters and soreness are healed, and joints, ankles, toes and feet are made comfortable. Start with Zam-Buk to-night and end your foot troubles.

1/6 or 3/6 a tin. All chemists & stores.

"Constant standing at my work caused blistered, tender feet. Sometimes I was unable to put my shoes on for the swelling. Zam-Buk is delightfully soothing and keeps my feet perfectly sound."—Miss F. Skinner.

"As a salesman, I'm on my feet all day. I rub Zam-Buk into them at night and no longer have aching and soreness. The longest day doesn't trouble my feet now."—Mr. G. H. Cook.

Use ZAM-BUK Regularly

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Film Stars take this beauty Bath...

... it will keep your skin smooth and fragrant, too

Because Lux Toilet Soap is supercreamed—a special skin cream actually blended into each tablet—it has a wonderfully softening effect on the skin. A bath with Lux Toilet Soap gives you the charm of fragrant daintiness all over ... and the new firmer tablet lasts much longer.

LUX TOILET SOAP
It's Supercreamed

A LEVER PRODUCT 6.359.25

PRIVATE VIEWS

• By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer •

★★★ HIRED WIFE

(Week's Best Release)

Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, Virginia Bruce. (Universal.)

THE combination of Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, Virginia Bruce and Robert Benchley makes "Hired Wife" a particularly tasty comic dish.

It's a yarn about a wealthy young business man (Brian Aherne) who falls in love with a blonde every spring; his super-efficient but loving secretary (Rosalind Russell), who schemes to become part of his private life; and a blonde model (Virginia Bruce), who happens to be Aherne's spring love when the story begins.

Rosalind Russell has never been better. She skilfully manages to convey the very real affection for Aherne which lies beneath her cynical wise-cracking and determined manoeuvring at his expense.

Aherne is boyish and handsome. Virginia gives her usual efficient portrayal.

Excellently directed by William Seiter, delightfully acted, notable for its racy humor, "Hired Wife" is highly satisfactory adult entertainment. Benchley, in his all-too-brief appearances, is a joy.—State; showing.

★★ BOYS FROM SYRACUSE

Allan Jones, Martha Raye. (Universal.)

THIS musical burlesque of Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" was adapted from George Abbott's hilarious Broadway stage hit.

The story concerns twin brothers in ancient Greece, Antipholus, of Ephesus, and Antipholus, of Syracuse, and their slaves, the twin Dromios. These dual roles are played by Allan Jones and Joe Penner.

When the Syracusan pair arrive in Ephesus in search of their father the comedy of mistaken identity begins.

The wives of the Ephesian pair provide the visitors with their most amusing problem.

Jones' dual role gives him two romantic partners, his own wife, Irene Hervey, and Rosemary Lane. Modern tunes are sung by Jones, Martha, and Rosemary.

This is the first production of the Mayfair company, headed by Jules Levey. Levey has been lavish with his settings, costumes, and cast. In supporting roles are the amusing Charles Butterworth, Alan Mowbray and Eric Blore.—Lyceum; showing.

★ PRIVATE AFFAIRS

Roland Young, Hugh Herbert. (Universal.)

DROLL Roland Young and "Woo-hoo" Hugh Herbert offer contrasts in comedy.

Young plays the black sheep of a strait-laced Bostonian family. He returns home after twenty years' absence to save his daughter (Nancy Kelly) from making an unhappy match.

Hugh Herbert has the role of a friendly taxi-driver who attaches himself to Roland.

While Herbert and Young handle the bulk of the action, you have Montagu Love as the short-tempered old grandfather, Jonathan Hale as a wily stock operator, and Granville Bates as a staid judge of Boston.—Lyceum; showing.

★ QUEEN OF THE YUKON

Irene Rich, Charles Bickford. (Monogram.)

SET in the gold-rush days of Alaska, this Jack London adventure brings Irene Rich back to the screen in a vivid character role.

Irene plays the outspoken woman "boss" of a gambling ship which transports gold-miners.

Charles Bickford has a familiar role as a hard-boiled gambler who is employed by Miss Rich.

This film offers action—chiefly by Bickford, comedy by George Cleveland and Guy Usher, and panoramas of Alaska. Her role as "Queen of the Yukon" is quite a change for the usually sophisticated Miss Rich.—Capitol; showing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **Gone With the Wind.** Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable in superb version of novel. Liberty, 30th week.

★★★ **I Love You Again.** Myrna Loy and William Powell in riotous comedy. St. James, 2nd week.

★★ **Lucky Partners.** Ginger Rogers, Ronald Colman in charming romantic comedy. Regent, 3rd week.

★★ **The Westerner.** Gary Cooper in gripping Western adventure. Plaza, 2nd week.

★★ **I Want a Divorce.** Joan Blondell, Dick Powell in human comedy drama. Mayfair, 2nd week.

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT'S enterprising son, Jimmy, is becoming quite an important figure in the movie world. After spending two years studying the producing end of the motion picture business, Roosevelt is ready to start some serious movie-making of his own.

In addition to his previously announced effort, "Pot o' Gold," which will star James Stewart, he is preparing another big production, "Martin Eden."

He has signed Franchot Tone and Geraldine Fitzgerald for the leads in this picture.

THE "screen's perfect wife," Myrna Loy, announced last week that she and her husband, the producer, Arthur Hornblow, have agreed to separate.

Long regarded as one of Hollywood's happiest couples, the Hornblows were married in 1936.

"With great reluctance we admit that we are ending our marriage," said Myrna in a Hollywood interview.

* * *

CHARLIE CHAPLIN met Barbara Hutton and Cary Grant at a party given by the Jack Warners. Barbara was completely won over by Chaplin's great charm, and Chaplin was interested enough in her to give her some advice.

He told her she was much too thin, and then asked what she was doing with her life. The heiress to millions was at a loss for a reply. Said Chaplin: "No one can be happy when idle."

* * *

DARRYL ZANUCK has acquired the screen rights to Richard Llewellyn's best-seller, "How Green Was My Valley."

Henry Fonda has been assigned to the starring role, and the feminine lead will probably go to Gene Tierney, the attractive newcomer from the New York stage.

Miss Tierney made her screen debut playing opposite Fonda in "The Return of Frank James," and she is now working with Paul Muni in "Hudson's Bay."

* * *

WALT DISNEY'S next full-length color cartoon will be "Alice in Wonderland."

Disney made this announcement at the recent highly-successful premiere of "Fantasia," the feature-length Mickey Mouse film which he made with the co-operation of Leopold Stokowski.

* * *

PARAMOUNT officials are beginning to wish they had never permitted Dorothy Lamour to cut off her long tresses.

Since her much-publicised haircut, hundreds of irate Lamour fans have been writing letters of protest to the studio.

In one week no fewer than 323 letters condemning the haircut were received. Most of them, incidentally, came from men.

Dorothy, with short hair, will be seen next in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Chad Hanna."

* * *

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW is having his first serious romance. Her name is Ann Gillis.

* * *

BETTE DAVIS has returned to Hollywood to prepare for work in "January Heights." George Brent will play opposite Bette in this film. Later, Brent will again co-star with his off-screen sweetheart, Ann Sheridan, in a romantic comedy entitled "The Bride Came C.O.D."

SCREEN ODDITIES ☆ By CHARLES BRUNO

Germolene

SKIN OINTMENT

Is the Magic Healer

DAY by day—and EVERY day—men and women in all walks of life are proving the wonderful healing and skin cleansing power of **Germolene.** Skin-Healing Magic ... in those three words is summed up the amazing effect of this great ointment. Read these reports! Study them closely! Yours may be a similar case or it may be entirely different! But whatever it is let **Germolene** perform its skin healing magic for *you*!

3 YEARS SKIN TROUBLE ENDED

Mr. A. C. writes: "I have been bothered for the past 3 years with skin trouble (Acne). Local treatment had no effect. After using the contents of two small tins of **Germolene** I have completely rid myself of all pimples and spots."

ITCHING, BURNING RASH DISAPPEARS

Mrs. M. A. writes: "A severe rash broke out on my body and limbs. The itching and burning was terrible. I tried **Germolene** and the intense itching ceased within five minutes. I was amazed at the quick relief."

The World's Quickest Healer For

ULCERS	MOSQUITO & INSECT BITES	PILES
SORES	WOUNDS	ABSCESSES
BAD LEG	CUTS	BOILS
ECZEMA	SUNBURN	ITCH
BLACKHEADS		PIMPLES

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The Movie World

November 30, 1940 | The Australian Women's Weekly | 19

• Bette Davis, whose next role is that of a modern sophisticate in Warner Brothers' "The Letter," is one player who is never self-conscious when viewing "rushes."

PLAYERS HATE TO SEE "RUSHES"

Ordeal of checking own work wrecks their poise

It takes a lot to shake the habitual poise of the average Hollywood movie star. But the one thing that is sure to do this, sooner or later, is the agony of sitting through the "rushes" each day around six p.m. in a hot little studio theatre.

By BARBARA BOURCHIER, in Hollywood

THE "rushes," or "dailies," to use the current Hollywood phrase, are the bits of film hastily thrown together that represent the previous day's work on the set.

Each evening when shooting is completed the "dailies" are run off in a tiny studio projection-room to an audience consisting of the director, producer, cameraman, and any players who care to attend.

To some players reviewing the rushes is an ordeal which they avoid. The braver ones sit there and suffer.

A few manage to be quite objective about it, and even calmly and coldly criticise their work. But most of them emerge from the "torture chamber" with the conviction that the final picture will be nothing less than terrible.

Jean Arthur told us she has had to stop viewing rushes altogether. Not that she's indifferent to the results of her work. She simply found herself noticing and worrying about every detail of her performance that might have been improved.

Of course, costly scenes cannot be remade unless there's a good reason for it, so Jean decided it would be better to forgo the screenings.

Others stay away because, they claim, they don't like to look at themselves. "I can't stand the sight of myself on the screen," declares Warren William. Clark Gable says he's not particularly keen on his film appearance, but he views the rushes occasionally, particularly if he's working with a director in whom he has faith and who might drop a few helpful hints.

Joan Blondell is one of the real sufferers. She writhes in agony throughout the screening, and usually emerges with a dose of the jitters.

On the other hand, Bette Davis keeps a stern eye on her efforts, and never misses an evening's session. Very earnest about her career, always anxious to improve, she will listen to advice and freely criticise her work herself. Bette believes that the only way to get on is to find out your faults and eliminate them the next day.

Loretta Young is another who adopts a cold attitude, and criticises her work as though she and the pretty girl on the screen were two different people. Loretta also keeps a close watch on the camera work—as do many of the feminine stars.

The men don't seem to pay so much attention to the good and bad angles of their faces—they're probably resigned to the fact that the best angles will always be given their leading ladies anyway.

The comedians very rarely get a chuckle out of their own amusing scenes. Dick Cahoon, film editor at Columbia, told us that Cary Grant is one of the most serious players on the lot when it comes to viewing rushes. Through his funniest scenes he sits as grave as a judge. Joe E. Brown, on the other hand, brightens things up with wisecracks and boos himself enthusiastically if his screen comedy doesn't evoke a laugh from the director.

Brian Aherne is intensely critical of his own work. He is also given to cheering his co-workers by frequently declaring, with great resignation, that the picture will be a failure.

Stars like Melvyn Douglas, who have had experience in directing as well as acting on stage and screen, are apt to be the most objective, but also the most critical, in their attitude towards their work. If he spots some error in his own work, Douglas will frequently talk a director into retaking this particular scene.

For the younger players, viewing the rushes is almost as important as making a scene. However painful an ordeal it may be, they report regularly to the projection-rooms, and most directors, working with newcomers, will go to great pains to give them helpful suggestions.

In the department of thrills, chills and horror we have direct contrasts in Boris Karloff and Peter Lorre. Though serious enough on the set, Karloff reacts with more amusement than anything else when watching his work on the screen. He frequently breaks into laughter during the more hair-raising episodes!

Lorre, on the other hand, takes it all very seriously, and worries a great deal if he feels his characterisations are not sufficiently sinister.

The majority of stars dread most the rushes of intensely dramatic scenes in which they must play with sufficient feeling to make a deep impression on the audience but still with enough restraint to avoid overacting.

The producer sitting in the small projection-room is on tenterhooks throughout the unreeling of elaborate production scenes, such as dance spectacles. He knows that an error in one of these will mean a retake costing thousands of dollars.

And so they suffer, right down to the script girl, who knows just where the blame will fall if Horace Handsome starts a scene wearing a spotted tie, moves out of camera range, and resumes it wearing a striped cravat.

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• Paramount will team George O'Brien (at left) and Australia's Joy Howarth (right) in six colorful costume productions.

JOY HOWARTH . . . signed by Paramount

By BARBARA BOURCHIER, from Hollywood

AUSTRALIAN Joy Howarth has signed a fine, long-term contract with Paramount Studio, and will be built up as a distinctive type.

The beautiful young actress, who has been so long dogged by Hollywood ill-luck, is thus on the full tide of success.

Paramount's plans for Joy include six costume pictures a year, with George O'Brien.

Aimed for colorful action, this series will present Joy and George as a team similar to that of Claire Trevor and John Wayne—whom you saw in dramas like "Stagecoach," "The First Rebel," and "Dark Command."

Joy's stories will, however, have a strong South American flavor, for they have been planned with an eye to those countries, where George O'Brien is especially popular.

And here is good news for Australia. Paramount wants Joy to use her own name on the screen. Her billing as "Constance Worth" was never successful, perhaps because "Constance" is quite the wrong tag for the Howarth personality.

Paramount has actually had its eye on Joy for some time.

Missed first chance

IN February of this year Joy was offered a good role in the studio's "Remember the Night." An urgent telephone call summoned her to the wardrobe department for fittings and tests. Hurrying to the door of her apartment, Joy tripped—result, a severely sprained ankle, torn ligaments, and the doctor's verdict that she could not walk for at least a fortnight.

Although director Mitchell Leisen held the Australian's role for her, that wretched foot refused to heal, and the picture went on without her.

Joy had one big consolation—her debut in American radio. Cary Grant asked her to play opposite him in a popular radio drama hour when he was the guest star. Determined not to let a second opportunity slip by, Joy struggled to the broadcasting station on crutches, went through with the play, and made a very favorable impression.

Her screen career seemed, however, as far off as ever. Then in June, out of the blue, came a Columbia offer. Would Joy play in "Angels Over Broadway," the Ben Hecht picture in which Douglas Fairbanks, jun., had the lead? Joy certainly would!

"Angels Over Broadway" has not yet reached Australia. I can, however, tell you that Joy wears breath-taking clothes and has a number of dramatic scenes with character actor Thomas Mitchell.

Joy herself told me that the experience of making "Angels Over Broadway" was unique. Its writer-producer-director Ben Hecht has rather original film-making ideas, working out the ideas before arriving on the set, making only one "take" of each scene, and refusing to let his players wear make-up. "It was a little unnerving at first," declared Joy. "But Hecht seems to get as much done in two days as any other director would do in two weeks. We all finished up ages ahead of schedule."

It was "Angels" which changed Joy's luck.

When Harry Cohn, Columbia head, saw the film, he sent for Joy, and gave her the second feminine lead in "This Thing Called Love," which stars Melvyn Douglas and Rosalind Russell. Indeed, Joy was actually summoned to Paramount while still working at Columbia.

Like so many other talented and beautiful actresses, Joy Howarth wanted only one thing—a lucky break. Now that she has got it, there should be no stopping her!

• Scene from Joy's latest film, Columbia's "Angels Over Broadway," with Thomas Mitchell in centre and Joy herself at right.

Other Australians making good . . .

¶ **MONA BARRIE,** who was Mona Barlee in her Australian musical comedy days, and who has not been in Hollywood pictures for nearly three years, comes back with a big role in Warners' "The Lady With Red Hair."

¶ **CECIL KELLAWAY AND LEON ERROL** are to make six pictures with Lupe Velez for RKO, at the rate of two a year. The trio appeared together in "Mexican Spitfire," which turned out to be a success. Leon Errol's character of Lord Epping was received with particular enthusiasm. And it is Lord Epping's adventures which will be continued in this series of six films.

¶ **IVAN GOFF,** Australian writer from Perth, has made a hit with his original story, "My Love Came Back," filmed by Warners, with Olivia de Havilland and Jeffrey Lynn in the leads. Ivan worked for several years at the studio with but rare screen credits; now Warners is hurrying preparations for filming another of Ivan's original stories, "The Stuff of Heroes."

The house that Snow White built!

ONE of the most fascinating spots in Hollywood to-day is Walt Disney's new streamlined cartoon factory at Burbank.

Hollywood calls this Disney plant "the house that Snow White built," for the producer's enormous profits on that film made the move possible. In normal times, as you may or may not know, most of the Disney money goes back into financing more cartoons.

"The house that Snow White built" has everything from a huge private theatre and the largest private air-conditioning plant in the States to streamlined ash-trays and waste-paper baskets. These were specially designed for Disney by one of America's finest industrial designers.

Between the buildings run connecting tunnels, so that the precious squares of celluloid on which final paintings are made may be transported at one uniform temperature.

In the camera department, cameras and men alike are kept perfectly dust-free by great vacuum suction cleaners built into the walls.

There's actually no need, however, for me to go into these details. For you'll soon be seeing all the new studio put on the screen as a feature picture. This Disney film will combine live action and cartoon, and will be filmed in technicolor.

Comedian Robert Benchley will star, playing a bewildered new employee who wanders from one department to another in the amazing plant. Benchley's adventures will illustrate step by step the process of making a Disney picture. The finale will show Bob sitting in the private theatre watching previews of new Disney cartoons. And the tentative title of this unique production is . . . "The Reluctant Dragon."—CHRISTINE WEBB.

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These British stalwarts . . .

• Popular South African Basil Rathbone, urbane villain of the American screen, shown in his beautiful Bel Air home with his wife, the former Ouida Bergere, playwright, scenarist, and socialite. Rathbone is forty-eight years old.

• Rathbone, Paramount player, in profile, mirror, and marble. His next films are "A Date with Destiny" and "Rhythm on the River."

HOLLYWOOD'S BIG DEBT TO ENGLISH CHARACTER ACTORS

By W. H. MOORING from Hollywood.

WHAT would the Hollywood screen be to-day without the suave villainy of Basil Rathbone, the irascible dignity of C. Aubrey Smith, the culture of Claude Rains and Sir Cedric Hardwicke?

Nearly every Hollywood picture you see these days has a British character actor or actress somewhere in the cast.

These players, most of whom came from the English stage or vaudeville, are clever entertainers.

Not only that. Hollywood has learnt that, while British actors may play American characters, it is almost impossible for American actors convincingly to play British characters.

Englishmen seem best able to portray the urbane gentleman.

Whenever Hollywood wants a suave, sinister villain of the polished type, it immediately calls upon Basil Rathbone.

The role of a lovable rogue—a middle-aged scamp—usually goes to English Claude Rains. Claude can be thoroughly bad and still be human about it.

Then you have Sir Cedric Hardwicke, matchless for his quiet dignity and his good humor—a typical cultured Englishman in his middle forties.

The stiff-backed English butler is a popular figure of fun in American films. He is very often that unsmiling six-footer Arthur Treacher.

British comedians, in fact, rate high on the American screen. There's Roland Young, with his stammering, straight-lipped faux pas, whose very appearance on the screen is greeted by an involuntary ripple of amusement from the audience; Melville Cooper with his innocent idiocy; bombastic Alan Mowbray; benign Halliwell Hobbes, and unctuous George Zucco.

Typically British are hearty Nigel Bruce and C. Aubrey Smith, the irascible old English gentleman, who play both straight and comic roles.

All of them are among Hollywood's most popular character actors.

Nor must we forget the women. You have Una O'Connor's Irish landlady or servant; the perfect serenity and well-composed age portrayed by Dame May Whitty as by no other actress on the screen.

It is these players, most of whom have passed the forty-five mark, who are responsible for many of the amusing or interesting supporting roles in the films.

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1 **TWO** reckless oil drillers, McMasters (Clark Gable) and Sand (Spencer Tracy), trick their way into obtaining equipment to open their own oilfield in a partnership scheme.

2 **CELEBRATING** their luck in "Boom Town," McMasters sees Betsy (Colbert), and a whirlwind courtship begins.

3 **ALTHOUGH** Betsy came west to marry him, Sand adds his blessings to her marriage to McMasters the next day after the pair confess their love.

4 **GROWN WEALTHY** after many misadventures, susceptible McMasters starts violent affair with his beautiful but unscrupulous employee, Hedy Lamarr, in New York office.

5 **FINDING BETSY** broken-hearted at her husband's defection, Sand, who has remained her devoted friend through thick and thin, secretly vows revenge on his former partner.

6 **DISASTROUS NEWS** of his financial ventures is brought to McMasters and Betsy, who are aghast to learn that Sand, who has amassed a fortune himself, is responsible.

Gable returns to the oilfields

IN "Boom Town," MGM's adventure drama of the oil rush in America during the early 'twenties, Clark Gable, playing the role of an oil man, enacts a part he took in real life twenty-two years ago.

His first job after he left school at the age of eighteen was as a tool-dresser in Oklahoma oilfields.

Gable may be said to have been bred on oil. His father, William Gable, has been an oil man most of his life.

Starred with Gable in "Boom Town" are the MGM players Spencer Tracy and Hedy Lamarr, and Claudette Colbert, loaned to the studio for this picture by Paramount.

Tracy, who last appeared with Gable in "Test Pilot," plays Gable's friend and partner in an oil scheme which leads them to far-flung adventures.

Claudette Colbert, who scored her biggest screen hit with Gable in "It Happened One Night"—their first and only film together—has the role of Gable's wife and the mother of his small boy.

Of the four stars, glamorous Hedy Lamarr, playing the "other woman" for the first time on the American screen, has the shortest role. She took it to prove that she can act.

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• Over a pair of immaculate white linen slacks, a red-and-white striped boxy jacket, zippered down the front and featuring four outsize patch pockets.

• When there's an unexpected nip in the air add a longish jacket, stunningly tailored in brilliant blue flannel to enhance a simple white cotton frock.

• Ideal complement to slacks or sports frocks — a boxy, sheer wool jacket in limelight-yellow, again with whopping pockets.

• An elegant slack suit in white shark-skin with huge pockets and draped yoke — half in royal-blue to match the back of the suit.

• The little boy shirt, which is the current American love, interpreted in white silk linen, striped in red and green.

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SIMPLICITY . . . *for summer nights*

• A billowy, frilled dance frock of white swiss muslin spotted with blue. The long, moulded bodice is caught at the front with blue bows. (Top left.)

• When temperatures soar, Dorville suggests this tailored dinner dress of shell-pink linen, with full skirt and two amusing pockets. (Top right.)

• Slender frock of chalk-white pique with brief fish-tail train and a trim bolero lavishly embroidered with stop-red braid. (Extreme left.)

• Dusty-turquoise jersey, tailored with magnificent simplicity in the popular shirtwaist style. The front opening is fastened with diamond studs. (Left.)

INDIVIDUAL hand-cut patterns are obtainable for all dresses and ensembles sketched by Petrov and Rene, and overseas fashion photos. Prices from 3/6.

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Sketched by PETROV

• 1. Pointed sections of gleaming black satin give a two-piece look to this slender frock of dull black crepe. The satin on the bodice suggests a waistcoat effect at front, while at the back it forms a solid section below a crepe shoulder-yoke.

• 2. Slender black frock of finest wool sheer, garnished with two bands of black velvet and worn with a black felt and velvet hat and dusty-pink doeskin gloves.

• 3. Dramatic two-tone frock in silk jersey. The cartridge-pleated yoke and cuffs match up with the skirt and are in a pale honey-beige.

The slim-fitting bodice and long, tight sleeves are in black. These frocks are popular in America now, and though the skirt is flared the heavy jersey preserves the slim line.

• 4. Sleek black sheer with fitting long torso line accented with a frilly peplum to match the cuffs. The high neckline is relieved with petal-like cut-outs.

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How to do your hair in

POMPADOUR STYLE

By JANETTE

● Pompadours — or rather adaptations of this fascinating 18th century hair style — are news to-day in the hair world, because they are both flattering and fairly easy to arrange. The main feature of these styles is that they build the hair high up off the forehead. The pictures on this page show you a simple but attractive version of a pompadour suitable for day wear and slightly elaborated for evening.

● *SIDE VIEW of the pompadour coiffure finished for evening wear. This picture shows how the left side piece is brushed up and ends arranged in soft curls. The back is kept smooth with ends tied in a cluster of ringlets at the nape of the neck. Universal's star, Nan Grey, posed for the pictures on this page.*

● *ABOVE: Front view of the pompadour coiffure. Both side pieces are brushed up into rolls with ends finishing in curls that nestle on either side of the head. The front piece is set into a roll up and off the forehead, the ends finishing in curls at one side.*

● *LEFT: Back view. Notice that the back hair is kept quite smooth and is tied at the nape of the neck to allow the ends to cluster into a mass of loose ringlets. The silver leaves pinned just where the hair is tied are worn for evening.*

● *ABOVE: This picture shows you how the left side is set for the pompadour. The front pieces are set the reverse way to those over the ears and at the back. This gives three off-the-face rolls in front.*

● *ABOVE: For daytime, Nan Grey has her pompadour arranged in rolls off the face in front, while the back falls into loose ringlet ends.*

● *ABOVE: Back view of setting which also shows the right side. As with the left, the side piece is taken up off the face and set in ringlet ends.*

● *RIGHT: Front view of setting, showing how the right side piece and the front roll are set. The ends of the front roll are arranged to meet the upturning curls of the right side piece.*

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Night Watch

Continued from page 6

HENRY walked all the way to the radio station, getting drenched in the process. Until to-night he had never felt miserable in his life.

He turned into the shop next door to the station from which, at intervals during the night, he was accustomed to send for sandwiches and coffee. Joe, the counterman, came over.

"You're early to-night," he remarked. "Didn't you have no supper?"

"No," Henry said. "Give me a hamburger with everything, pickles, and some coffee."

Henry ate the hamburger and pickles methodically and drank the coffee. He wiped his mouth on a paper napkin, rose, and flipped Joe a quarter.

"I'll be listening for you," Joe said.

"Thanks," Henry replied.

Entering the portals of Station ROA, Henry met the owner, J. B. Ross, on the way out.

"Good evening, J. B.," he said, with false enthusiasm.

"Urr," J. B. grunted, and went on into the rain.

Henry continued, more depressed than ever. J. B.'s opinion of the night-owl programme was well known. He made a point of never listening to it.

At the end of the hallway, in the door of studio "C," Ken Walker, the station's programme manager and chief announcer, was waiting for him.

"Hi, Ken," Henry said.

"Greetings," Ken said.

"Pretty wet out to-night."

"Yes."

Henry stared at Ken suspiciously. "What about my new records?"

"J. B. won't buy 'em," Ken said. "He claims you've got enough now."

"That man doesn't know which side his bread is buttered on," Henry said bitterly. "I'll be losing my sponsors without records."

"You'd better not," Ken said sombrely.

Henry walked on into the studio. Ken followed him uneasily. Henry sat down and glared at the floor.

"This has been a great night for me," he said. "A little while ago I lost my girl. Now I don't get any more records!"

"You've still got your health," Ken reminded him, and went out. Henry looked gloomily around the room. The walls were lined with shelves holding six thousand records. There was a table with a mike and turntable on it, from which he did his broadcasting. A pile of records was lying ready.

To one side there was an emergency microphone on a small table. Neatly arranged on his table were the sheets of copy from his sponsors. On the rear wall was the big synchronised electric clock.

Henry got glumly up and went down to see Alice, the girl who did the night shift on the switchboard. At the moment Alice was applying lipstick.

"Hello," she said. "What's new?"

"It's raining," Henry replied. "But don't tell anybody."

Alice handed him the list of requests that had already come in. Automatically Henry leafed through them, seeing if there were any numbers he didn't have.

"This rain is no joke," Alice said. "I've got a friend on the switchboard over at the 'Morning Post.' She gives me the news every now and again. They expect bad floods in a few hours."

AT 12.1 Henry went on the air. Seated at the table in front of the microphone he caught the engineer's signal, decorated his lips with a ghastly smile, and launched into it.

"A good, good evening to you, friends," he chanted. "This is Henry Hale, your old night owl, carrying the torch again till morning. ROA, some records, some jokes, Hale—and we'll make a night of it. So rally around, children, and I'll whip up a batch of music. This is an all-request programme, and if you yearn for a certain tune, speak up. Call Tucker 5278 and say your piece—and if we've got it we'll air it . . . And now here's our theme—'Midnight in a Madhouse.'"

Dexterously he started the turntable. His theme song went winging out into the rainy night.

For a while Henry was quite happy, his troubles forgotten. Despite the fact that his heart wasn't in it, he couldn't help being Henry, glad to be in the silent room, chatting fluently and effortlessly about everything that interested him, and in between times hunting up records. Alice came up with a fresh bunch of requests, and Henry thanked seventeen sleepless humans over the air and went racing through his files.

At 12.7 he put in a quick boost for one of his sponsors, the Ginsberg Fur Company.

"Fur too much for your money," he said into the mike. "That's the motto of the Ginsberg Fur Company. Everything from rabbit to mink, and each animal just one jump ahead of wholesale. Note to blondes: get some wolf to buy you a lambskin jacket from Ginsberg. Ouch!"

But suddenly he was unhappy again. Ginsberg reminded him of Marsha. He had intended eventually to buy her a fur coat from Ginsberg's. Now—now it didn't matter.

He played several sentimental songs in a row, and they started to upset him. At intervals he remembered the record situation and anger mingled with his sorrow.

At 12.19 Henry spoke morosely on the merits of the McClatchy Furniture Company.

"If you're going to get married," he said, "and I think you'd better, feather your nest at McClatchy's. Even if you're not going to get married, buy some furniture at McClatchy's. It's cheaper!"

And so it went. Giant-power gasoline reminded him that Marsha liked driving. The Bluebird liquor stores recalled to him that he could buy forgetfulness if he wanted. A short address on the advantages of Berkeley Brothers' funeral home broke his spirit completely.

At 12.39 he interrupted the programme to play "Melancholy Baby."

"This is for a girl," he announced, "who will never hear a certain voice again."

Alice came up with a fresh handful of requests and Henry took her to one side.

"Alice," he said, "do you think anybody is really listening to this programme?"

"A few," Alice replied. "You don't think you're performing with a dead mike, do you?"

"I sometimes wonder," he snapped with unaccustomed curtness.

She looked back at him nervously as she left.

Madness seized Henry at 12.43. He put "I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You" on the turntable.

"This number," he announced, "is dedicated to the owner of this station, Mr. J. B. Ross."

One o'clock arrived on leaden wings. Henry banged a gong and gave the time signal.

Alice came in the room and motioned excitedly for him to get out of microphone range.

"I just got a call from my friend on the 'Morning Post,'" she said. "There's a Continental Airlines sky-sleeper circling above the West End Airport right now with thirty-four people on board and it can't land! They're almost out of gas!"

"Why can't it land?" Henry asked.

"Because the power lines are down that lead to the field. They have no lights. The plane hasn't got enough gas to go on to the next field."

"I say," Henry said, "that's a good item! I'll put it on the air . . ." He broke off, staring at Alice. "They need lights, you say?"

"Yes."

A prickly sensation crossed Henry's shoulders. He stared very hard at the clock, concentrating painfully. Something quite bright in the back of his mind was just barely eluding him . . . Suddenly it came, like all good ideas, with a rush.

"Is there a line open to the field?" he said, a new note of urgency in his voice.

"I don't know," Alice replied. "Shall I find out?"

"Find out," Henry said quickly. "If there is, ask 'em if a lot of automobile headlights would help them. Get on the horse!" As Alice headed out, he called after her: "Ask 'em what roads are open. We'll go on the air for cars if they want them!"

He put another record on the turntable without an announcement. It was "Singing in the Rain."

Alice came galloping in.

"I got 'em," she panted. "They want the cars. Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth Streets and Victory Boulevard are open."

Henry turned off the record and dropped in front of the mike, gripping it with both hands.

"Ladies and gentlemen and night owls," he said, "I interrupt the programme to bring news of great importance. At this very moment there is a big airliner with thirty-four people aboard circling the West End Airport, unable to land because power lines are down and the field has no lights. The plane's gas is almost exhausted. The headlights of your own automobile may be able to save the lives of thirty-four men and women.

"Get in your cars and go out to the field! Ring in with your headlights! Save the plane. Call your neighbors and get them out. Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth Streets are still open, and Victory Boulevard. Follow only those streets! Get to the West End Airport! Everybody."

Henry looked up, out of breath. Alice was watching him, fascinated.

"Get back to the board!" Henry said. "Call the airport. Tell 'em the cars are on the way—I hope."

HE resumed at the mike, repeating his plea again and again. Alice returned to the studio, reporting that the field said the cars must hurry. Henry urged the cars—those forlorn, desperate, invisible cars that might not exist at all—to hurry, hurry.

Finally, hoarse and sweating, he ran down to the switchboard. But now the telephone line was out. Alice could no longer get the field.

Henry went on the air again, calling monotonously for cars and more cars. At two o'clock he stopped, knowing he had done all he could. He put a big record on the turntable without announcement. It was agony, waiting.

Ten minutes past two. Henry knew he was a failure. Some word would have come by now. The night owl had hooted in vain. Mechanically he changed records.

Alice entered to say the board was dead. Henry sprang up, then sank down hopelessly at the little emergency table fumbling with cigarette and matches. At the same moment the lights in the studio went out.

Henry sat in the dark for a while, too dispirited to move. Alice remained with him, afraid to leave.

Then a lantern bobbed into the room. It was the studio engineer.

"Power's gone," he said. "Awful night, ain't it?"

A flashlight splashed its light down the hall and Ken walked in. He wore mud-encrusted pyjamas and a raincoat.

"You're a hero, Henry," he said. "You and Alice. They landed the plane all right. I never saw so many cars in my life!"

EMOTIONS had ceased in Henry. He felt neither surprise nor jubilation. For the first time in three hundred nights he felt rather drowsy.

"How did you know?" he asked.

"I was listening," Ken told him. "I couldn't sleep. Greatest thing I ever heard on the radio."

Henry walked wearily to the mike table and plumped down on it. Somebody stumbled in the hall and swore. Then J.B. appeared and paused reverently in the doorway. He had on pyjamas, a dressing-gown and an overcoat, all splattered with mud.

"Finest thing I ever saw in my life," he said. "Here's where we get an airline account. Absolutely the greatest thing that ever happened to ROA. Ten thousand cars or I'm a fool. All the taxicabs in the world. Trucks, motor-cycles, fire waggons. A whole town in its bedclothes!"

"How did he find out?" Henry asked coldly.

"I called him," Ken explained.

J.B. sat down on the floor, found a cigar in his overcoat pocket, squeezed the water out of it, and lit it.

"Now I know what's the matter with ROA," he said. "They listen to the other stations in the daytime and stay up all night to listen to us!"

"And so I can't get a rise," Henry said.

"Who said you can't?" J.B. demanded indignantly. "You are hereby raised to a hundred bucks a week and put on the regular shift!"

The lights suddenly came on. And Marsha came in. She had on flannel pyjamas and a raincoat, and she, too, was splashed with mud.

Henry found himself holding her in his arms and getting his shirt-front wet.

"Henry, I heard the 'Melancholy Baby' record," she said, "and it made me cry . . ."

"I'm going to get a hundred dollars a week and work the regular shift," Henry said rapidly. "It's all right now, honey—"

"I'll get some dark glasses and make it night all the time, Henry . . . I don't care—"

"Hey," the engineer said, "I think that mike is live."

Like an old fire horse Henry wheeled precisely and went over to the microphone. He huddled over it happily, the same dreadful smile coming on his lips.

"This is your night-owler," he announced, "and happy to announce that the airliner has been saved—by you and the all-request programme. Phone in and get your favorite number played—if your phone works. Incidentally, your dollar will go far with the Ginsberg Fur Company. From a skunk on up, Ginsberg has it for less. And now we're going to hear a little recorded rhythm . . ."

He reached for the first record at hand, slapped it on the turntable, and started it playing.

It was "Singing in the Rain" again.

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On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

● TETE-A-TETE . . . Noel Coward and Mrs. Jimmy Dickson caught by candid camera at Red Cross dinner dance, Romano's.

● ADMIRAL'S WIFE, Mrs. John Crace, with gay felt animals she has made for Naval War Auxiliary fair at Mrs. Wilfred Fairfax's home this Wednesday.

● JUST MARRIED. Captain Coop and his bride leave St. John's College, University, after wedding. She was formerly Gwen O'Sullivan.

● MRS. DAVID ROPER helps with large task . . . the packing of thousands of parcels for Red Cross Day lucky packet stall.

Poor Mr. Coward . . .

SORRY to begin with Noel again . . . but what else have women talked about for the week? Nothing—judging by surging crowds who cheerfully pay two guineas a seat for his matinee at the Royal, and hundreds who clamor at restaurants and stage door entrance waving autograph books, or even for a glimpse. Poor Mr. Coward.

Noel himself passes debonairly by, still smiling. But I do feel that when he gets away quietly by himself (if ever) we could not blame him for dashing off another "Marvellous Party" or "Please, Mrs. Worthington" . . . in one of his self-styled "rages."

Maybe he doesn't mind a bit of crowding, though, when one day's appearances result in almost £1400 for Red Cross—from matinee and dinner dance.

Mostly white hats . . .

LADY GORDON much amused at matinee as several people say "Wonderful crowd you've got."

"I've got nothing to do with this," she tells me, chuckling, "but everyone is so used to me begging them to buy tickets for something or other, they wouldn't believe it if I told them."

Such a collection of white matinee chapeaux . . . Yolande Clarkson's high, wide, straw halo; Rosalind Dangar's swathed turban; Mrs. Bill Dawson's wide-brimmed straw; topknot of crisp flowers on a bandeau for Mrs. Don Mackay.

All the best people . . .

RATHER exclusive atmosphere surrounds Romano's dinner dance . . . not surprising, tickets being three guineas. Noel Coward's informal midnight performance shows him at his best. He announces "We Were Dancing," and I hear Jean Healy say "Oh, I adore this."

Mrs. Tony Hordern looks beautifully Victorian in decollete black and pearls high around her neck. Other lovely frocks . . . Mrs. Noel Heath's red-and-white Hawaiian print, Mrs. Dick Allen's red-and-white spots, Mrs. Alan Potter's sheath of blue sequins.

Large circular table for the Overthorpe Andersons' family party . . . Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Anderson, Jean and Claude Healy, Wal and Jocelyn Anderson, and Joc's mother, Mrs. M. S. Atwill. Subject under discussion . . . christening next afternoon of the Wal Andersons' firstborn, Caroline June.

Three wedding days . . .

THE Herons' telephone works so much overtime before daughter Rosemary's wedding that it goes out of order day before wedding. Marriage takes place a fortnight after Rosemary and Stacey Coote announce engagement. Almost 140 guests invited three times over by phone, as each day was changed according to when groom could get leave from camp at Cowra.

Ceremony at St. Martin's, followed by cocktail party in marquee at bride's parents' Killara home. Pride of place has wedding cake, made in Melbourne by Rosemary's aunt, Mrs. H. Franklands, and sent across in Spirit of Progress . . . more carefully wrapped than any passenger.

Awf'ly North Shore the guest list . . . Judith Moxham (bridesmaid), Barbara and Joan Scott, Judith Yabsley, Beverley Jenkins, Betty Church, Jean Stanger, Mary Savage.

Men are scarce . . .

"LOOKS like an Adamless Eden" is agonised whisper I hear from one hostess at evening party for C.U.S.A. Navy Unit as almost 200 women, and not a single man, arrive at the Australia. The war and all that . . .

But soon afterwards quite a few husbands and sons come as escorts and save the day. Turns out to be very good show, banquet hall noisy with parlor games.

Commodore and Mrs. Muirhead Gould are guests of honor. I am much taken with Mrs. Gould's unique Persian earrings, shaped like a golden bell and enamelled in pink and blue flowers. Quite three inches long.

Also definitely ornamental . . . Mrs. Charles Du Val's necklace of pansies on a silver chain; Mrs. T. O'Shaughnessy's set of gold earrings and tassel bracelet; Mollie Oxenham's gipsy coin necklace.

Mrs. Leonard Darby, Mrs. Harold Farncomb and Mrs. G. I. D. Hutcheson among naval wives playing bridge. Others . . . Mrs. Hamilton Kirkland and her sister, Rosamund Dowling, Madame Playoust, Kathleen Cobcroft, Stephanie Scott.

Congratulations . . .

PLENTY of congratulating going on down Wagga way . . . for Mrs. Graeme Austin, who has just raised £150 for Red Cross from gymkhana at her Humula home, and for Joan Horsley, who is wearing sapphire and diamond ring since announcing engagement to Mac Watts.

Joan, one of the State's best horsewomen, is fourth daughter of Mrs. M. Horsley, of Goonigul, Wagga, formerly of Yabtree. Her fiance is in A.I.F. . . . no date yet for wedding.

No rabbits, but . . .

"THE Great Levante, illusionist, invites you to morning tea at the Theatre Royal" reads the most interesting invitation in my week's mail. I accept . . . in trepidation.

Fully expect rabbits to leap out of innocent-looking sandwiches and coffee to be cut in two as I take a sip . . . but that, according to Mr. Levante, is child's play.

He warns "Don't take your eyes off me, I might cheat you." I wasn't going to, anyway . . . but he does.

Takes my ring, batters it shapeless, shoots it into a box yards away, unties six boxes . . . it emerges whole, and tied to real pink carnations, from the last box.

His daughter Esme says "That's nothing. I have my head chopped off every night." But one thing Levante can't make whole again is his treasured 400-year-old Ming plate, which was broken when their luggage ship was torpedoed en route to Australia.

Heard around town . . .

THRILL for Mrs. Freddie Cook . . . after no recent news from her husband, Lieut.-Commander Cook, "somewhere overseas," she received cable on baby Venetia's first birthday.

The newly-wed John Bovills are moving into the Bovill family home, Martinhoe, Point Piper. Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Bovill are moving out into a flat.

Betty Hyles' engagement ring is lovely square-cut sapphire, two small diamonds each side . . . presented by Peter Watson, of the R.A.A.F.

● LUNCHING at Canberra . . . Sir Earle Page, Minister for Commerce, and Mrs. Jock Perkins, at Hotel Canberra before opening of Federal Parliament.

● SUNLIGHT makes a halo for Diana Browne when she watches finals of N.S.W. Lawn Tennis Championships at White City.

● COUNTING UP . . . Mrs. Harry Carstairs and Mrs. Clive Heath tot up profits from sweets sales at card party for R.S.P.C.A. at Prince's.

● ALL SMILES. Squadron-Leader Dick Shaw, R.A.F., and Mrs. Harry Hodson obviously enjoying themselves at dinner dance for Red Cross.

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Summer Storm

Continued from page 13

BUT he came in just as she turned out her light. She lay back on her pillows waiting with the sick little feeling of apprehension that had become so familiar lately.

"Well," he said at last, "did you enjoy yourself?"

"I might have, if I hadn't had such a headache."

"I didn't mean the bridge. I meant dropping your little bomb about Charles Dane."

"Oh," she said coolly. "Yes, rather."

"You're not going to fly to the lake with him, and that's that."

"Why not?" she demanded.

"Because I don't like it. Isn't that enough?"

For a moment they looked at each other across the big, softly-lighted room. "It might be," she said in a low voice, "if you were as you used to be. But now—oh," she cried suddenly, "what's happened to us? We never used to be like this——"

"Like what?"

"Arguing — disagreeing — about everything. We can't discuss a single thing without fighting about it. I know I'm difficult—I get angry, but it's nothing; I don't mean it, and it never lasts. But you've changed, Phil. I don't know you any more."

He looked at her for a moment without speaking. "I haven't changed, Angela. It's you——"

"But I haven't," she cried. "At least, I don't think—oh, Phil, what's the matter with us?"

"The old marriage malady," he said. "Common as the common cold. We've seen too much of each other, that's all. We ought to separate for a while—take the summer off, for instance."

The idea of a summer apart sent a swift pang through her. "Is that the only cure?" she asked steadily.

"It's the usual one," he said briefly. "We might try it. After all, you ought to be grateful. If you want to see Charles Dane I won't be there to forbid you."

She felt something harden within her. "Very well," she said. "If that's what you want we'll do it. We'll—" her voice seemed to be deserting her —"we'll talk about it later. I'm going to sleep now."

"Good night," said Phil pleasantly.

A moment later he turned out his lamp, and was apparently instantly asleep. But Angela lay wide awake for a long time; the window had turned pale and the tears were dry on her cheeks before she slept.

. . . . . .

They had left the car at the landing nearly an hour ago, and now they were in the biggest of Phil's two motor boats, rushing up the lake. In the stern where Angela sat it seemed as if they were going on aimlessly through endless black waters.

Phil sat in front, with Angus the guide at the wheel, and Molly and Bill Hunter were just behind.

Angela had been bitterly disappointed the evening before when Charles Dane telephoned to say he couldn't get off until Saturday. She had been forced then to accompany the others in the car.

Now, after the long drive, Angela was stiff and tired. She dozed, and did not rouse until the boat bumped gently against the dock and Mrs. Angus came down the steps with a torch. "Tired?" Bill Hunter said, helping her out. "So am I. But we can all sleep late in the morning."

That thought comforted her, until she remembered that Peg Hardwick, who was coming by train, must be met at half-past seven. She must tell Angus. The week-end, so far, was nothing but hard work; she hoped it would be rewarding.

Peg Hardwick arrived, and seemed to approve of the camp. Her calm insolence of manner infuriated all women and amused most men, but under her spoiledness she had a vitality and an energy that Angela secretly admired.

"Where's Charles?" were her first words, and when Phil told her he was coming at noon she frowned and then smiled at him radiantly. "We can manage," she said. "Will you take me fishing?"

Phil was delighted, and so was Bill.

Molly retired for a nap, and Angela was left alone to wait for Charles. When she heard the throb of the engine and looked up at the great amphibian plane gleaming in the sunlight she ran down the dock and jumped into a boat and rowed out to meet him. After she had climbed gingerly aboard the big ship, and had seen everything, Charles Dane smiled down into her upturned face.

"I missed you," he said. "But this has made up for it."

"What has?"

"Journey's end," he said. "And—you know the rest of the saying."

She blushed. "Do I?"

"Of course you do. Would you like to take the ship up now?"

She shook her head. "Lunch is waiting. We might go up afterwards—if," she added half to herself, "the others don't come back."

But they were in the big living-room when the others came in. Angela thought she saw a gleam of amusement — or could it be annoyance? — in Peg Hardwick's eyes, but all the girl said was: "Hi, Charles. Why didn't you stop for me at Bar Harbor, you idiot?"

"Because," he said deliberately, "I already had one fair passenger —or should have had. Circumstances, alas, forced us apart."

THE afternoon passed pleasantly enough.

The next day they fished, lay about in drowsy contentment, swam, fished again, and came home so full of sun and air that they all went to bed early. Monday, the last day, was grey and cold. Phil and Bill went fishing. Molly, who had twisted her ankle the day before, lay on the sofa and read detective stories, and Angela watched Peg and Charles dance to the gramophone.

It was the last evening; the Hunters and Peg were going down by train early in the morning, and Charles would probably leave soon afterwards. If he asked her to fly back with him she would go, no matter what Phil said.

The evening spun by like a bright pin-wheel. There were bits of it that she couldn't remember; there was, for instance, a gap before the moment when she found herself alone on the porch. She stood still, leaning against the railing, while the damp air cooled her burning cheeks. She did not know how long it was before Charles Dane's voice said: "I've been looking all over the place for you. What are you doing?"

"Oh, meditating on life."

"And love, and the pursuit of happiness?"

She nodded, looking up at him. His voice changed. "Angela, darling, you're not happy, are you?" She shook her head. "Why not?"

"I don't know," she whispered. "I wish I did."

"Is it Phil?"

She was silent for a long minute, her eyes fixed on his. Then mutely she nodded.

"Poor child!" Charles' arm drew her close. "I'm so sorry, darling. I wish I could help."

"You do," she said unsteadily. "Just seeing me sometimes, and being so sweet to me. Just being yourself."

"And you're sweet," he said. "Terribly sweet, Angela." And then his arms were round her and his lips were pressed hard against hers.

Through the hammering of her heart she thought triumphantly: "This is what I've been waiting for! This is all I've wanted. It's happiness."

And then, suddenly, she felt Charles' arms relax, felt him draw away from her. She heard a voice, lazy, scornful, low, but oddly penetrating—Peg Hardwick's voice.

"That's why, Charles. You couldn't see why I wouldn't marry you, but this is why. I don't want a husband who can't resist misunderstood wives."

Angela turned. Peg Hardwick, her eyes brilliant in the white oval of her face, stood directly behind them. "Don't be upset, Mrs. Cushing," she said. "I don't mind. In fact, I'm rather grateful. I wanted to prove my point to Charles, and you've done it for me."

Angela tried to speak, but no words came. She looked at the girl for a dreadful, endless moment, then, her brain whirling, her whole being a flame of fury and humiliation, she turned and walked straight into the house.

Phil and Molly and Bill were all sitting on the big leather sofa. "Hello," Angela said. Her voice sounded high and queer. "Here we all are. Aren't family foursomes fun? Let's drink to ours. Who'll give me a glass?"

"I will," said Bill, but Phil got up, went to the table and poured her out a drink. As he gave it to her Angela felt him glance at her sharply, but she avoided his eyes and drank quickly, choking over it. "A bit strong, Philip," she said. "You seem to have changed your tactics——"

"Angela," he said, but she turned away from him and went to sit down beside Molly, looking over her shoulder at some pictures in a sporting magazine. They blurred before her eyes, and all the voices sounded now loud, now very faint and far away. She lay back and closed her eyes because the ceiling whirled so. Phil was speaking to her, and so was Molly, but it was too much trouble to answer them. Then she felt someone lift her, carry her upstairs.

She woke up to a loud noise—rain on the roof, wind, and what else? Was it the lake? She got up on one elbow, but the window was misted with rain.

Please turn to page 36

Animal Antics

"I don't care what the sign says! . . . This ain't no hotel for apes!"

THE FINEST FACE CREAM . . . .
THE LARGEST JAR . . . . THE BEST VALUE

2/6 THE LARGEST JAR

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES.

A PERFECTLY PURE AND HARMLESS COLD CREAM

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Adorably Dainty

Only a long-lasting perspiration check will satisfy the standards of a girl who is truly fastidious.

Liquid Odorono, a doctor's prescription, safely and surely controls perspiration moisture and odour.

This priceless safeguard has made Odorono the first choice of cultured women. It is a surer protection even if you suffer acutely from perspiration.

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1/-, 2/- and 3/6

Choose Pelaco Shirts

THEY'RE GOOD
THEY FIT... AND
THE PATTERNS
ARE BEAUTIFUL

Pelaco SHIRTS

WITH SPOTWELDED COLLARS

No More Piles

Pile sufferers can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—bad blood circulation in the lower bowel. Cutting and salves can't do this—an internal remedy must be used. Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds because it relieves this blood congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vaculoid has a wonderful record for quick, safe and lasting relief to Pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists anywhere sell Vaculoid with this guarantee.***

Women also Serve.

FORMER A.I.F. ARMY NURSES gather at the auxiliary rooms, where they work each day. Back row, left to right: Miss A. Nettleton, Mrs. J. C. Rodger, Miss A. M. Hayes, Mrs. H. Lord, Mrs. I. M. Atkinson. Front row, left to right: Mrs. C. O. Donovan, Mrs. J. B. F. McKenzie, Mrs. G. S. Cook, and Miss M. Sinclair.

Nurses of last war are "doing their bit" again

"As nurses in the last war we cannot serve overseas with the A.I.F. again this time, but we can do plenty to help."

This remark was made by Miss Maude Garrett, president of the ex-Army Trained Nurses and Masseuses' Auxiliary of New South Wales.

"MOST of us now have either our own homes to manage or jobs, but all of us are determined to give as much of our time as possible to the work of the auxiliary," said Miss Garrett.

Last June about twenty ex-Army sisters met at Miss Garrett's home in Killara and decided to form an auxiliary.

They spread the news around, and a general meeting was held at Lindfield at which Miss Blackmore, then matron of the Scottish Hospital, was made patroness.

Miss Garrett was elected president, Mrs. G. Carter and Mrs. H. Lord vice-presidents, and Sister A. Parry honorary treasurer.

It was decided to work for the overseas children, and also for the dependents of the A.I.F. and evacuee wives and children from other countries.

"We all know that many Australian wives and mothers of A.I.F. men are having a hard struggle to live on the men's pay," said Miss Garrett.

"If they or their children become sick, or need help in any other way, they often do not know where to turn for it, because they have so little money.

"We agreed that we would be available for any calls that might come.

"Not long ago we got a frantic call from a mother whose little boy was running a high temperature. She thought he must have chicken pox at least.

"When our member got to the house she discovered that the child had merely eaten something which disagreed with him and had brought out a rash.

"That was an easy case, of course, but at least it did ease the mind of the woman, whose husband is overseas with the A.I.F."

Branches of the auxiliary are now flourishing at Wahroonga, Killara, Lindfield - Roseville, Chatswood, Wollstonecraft, North Sydney, Mosman, Manly, Eastern Suburbs, Western Suburbs, and northern line.

Returned sisters living in the country have applied for membership, and they have sent many parcels of clothing and money to buy wool for the knitting group.

A room in the city at Scott's Chambers, Hosking Place, has been lent for the duration, and every day members sew and knit, and pack the parcels of clothing.

Many helpers

MORE than 1000 garments have been made and distributed to soldiers' dependents in Australia, or sent overseas to England.

One parcel of 570 garments was sent through the Salvation Army to the British Orphans' Adoption Society.

"The individual help we get from outside sources is considerable," said Miss Garrett.

"One elderly woman of 92, who is blind, sends in most beautiful knitting.

"We never have to undo any knitted garment we receive, and in answer to an appeal for a fur coat we got five in perfect condition.

"Some girl workers at a factory all put in sixpence of their salaries and then sent us the total, with the stipulation that we did not mention their names."

The little patients at Canonbury Hospital, Darling Point, are helping with a fete to be held on November 29.

Social events for good causes

NOVEMBER 27.—Sale of Christmas gifts, home of Mrs. Wilfred Fairfax, aid Naval War Auxiliary, 3 p.m.

Nov. 28.—Follow the Sun fashion parade, Prince's, 3 p.m. Aid Deaf, Dumb, and Blind children.

Nov. 28.—Symphony Orchestral concert, Town Hall, aid Bomb Victims' Relief Fund, 8 p.m.

Nov. 30.—Fete, for Women's Hospital, Crown Street, at Retford Hall, Darling Point.

MISS MAUDE GARRETT, president of the Ex-Army Trained Nurses and Masseuses' War Auxiliary.

She's wearing one of the latest shades . .

Your nails deserve Amami Nail Varnish. Then they will always have a smart flawless finish. Amami Nail Varnish spreads evenly, dries quickly, leaves a lovely pearl-like lustre. Get a bottle now — there are full instructions enclosed.

Amami Products are obtainable everywhere.

Amami NAIL VARNISH

does not crack, chip or peel.

CORNS lift out

★ Cheer up! Forget that beastly burning throbbing corn. Just a drop of **Frozol-Ice**—pain goes in 3 seconds. This better-type anaesthetic action works that fast! And then your corn will start to wither up—work loose—and you can pick it right out with your fingers—core and all. Lift out your corns with magic **Frozol-Ice**—and wear new shoes—go dancing—anything you like on corn-free happy feet. Chemists and stores everywhere sell **Frozol-Ice** for 1/6.***

PERFUMED BY MORNY

Choose the perfume of your Talcum Powder with the care and thought you give to your clothes — choose Morny, famous for its incomparable fragrances—unrivalled for its caressing softness.

3 oz. sprinkler tin 2/9

CHAMINADE
FRENCH FERN
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JUNE ROSES
PINK LILAC

MORNY, REGENT STREET, LONDON

The Home of British Perfumery

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, November 27. —The Australian Women's Weekly Concert Party—Tito Schipa.

THURSDAY, November 28. —June Marsden—Vocational Guidance for Children.

FRIDAY, November 29. — Musical Mix-up — Patricia Morison.

SATURDAY, November 30.—Harmony Hotshots.

SUNDAY, December 1. — June Marsden — Astrology for the Business Folk—Gardening by the Stars—Special Feature of Interest to All Zodiacal Types.

MONDAY, December 2. — Patricia Morison in Highlights From Opera.

TUESDAY, December 3.— June Marsden — Astrology for Women.

Summer Storm

Continued from page 34

HER head ached, and she sank back again, closing her eyes, remembering. Charles—and Peg—and that last drink. But that was Phil's fault—to make it too strong. Where was Phil? The clock on the table said half-past eleven—and the Hunters were to leave at seven! What in the world——?

"Phil!" she called. "Phil!"

She heard footsteps on the uncarpeted stairs, and he came in. His flannel shirt looked wet, and his hair was damp and rumpled. "Well," he said.

"Where are Molly and Bill and everyone?"

"They've gone."

"All of them?"

He nodded. "Charles was the last. Had the devil of a time starting his engine, but he got off."

She frowned. "And—and Peg?"

"She went with him."

"Oh," Angela said.

"I thought I'd let you sleep." Phil sounded embarrassed. "I overslept myself—when I woke up the Hunters had already gone with Angus. He left a note, by the way, that he'd taken his wife with him. Her sister's ill, and she promised to go down as soon as we didn't need her. Angus will be back—if the storm isn't too thick." He looked out of the window. "It's a bad one—straight off the Bay."

Angela said nothing, and he added: "Why don't you go back to sleep? There's nothing else to do."

"I don't suppose we can get back to-day."

"Oh, no." He was already in the hall. "Go to sleep."

But for a while she lay wide awake, thinking. Charles had gone, taking Peg with him. What a fool she had been—what a ghastly fool—thinking — imagining — Peg Hardwick was right; she was a misunderstood wife—or she had acted like one—and she deserved all the humiliation Charles had caused her. Her thoughts spun in painful circles; Charles, Peg, the Hunters, herself, and Phil—But the problem of Phil was too big for her weary brain, and struggling with it she fell asleep.

When she awoke again it was dark. She turned on the switch by her bed, but no light came. Phil must have heard her, for presently he came in with an oil lamp. "The electrical system's broken down," he said. "Water in the generators, probably. Everything's awash."

"What time is it?"

"Almost six."

"Is Angus back?"

"He won't come to-night," Phil said. "You ought to see the lake. Better dress and come downstairs, and we'll have some supper. There's some tinned stuff—our friends didn't leave us much else."

"How can we cook without electricity?"

"I dug up an old oil stove in the boathouse, and a little paraffin. Hurry up, or you'll catch cold—and bring that lamp when you come."

The living-room was lit with a roaring fire, and everything was tidy; Phil called from the kitchen: "Beans or corned beef hash?"

"Both. I'm starved."

"Let's stick to one. This storm may last four or five days."

She hadn't thought of that. She stood awkwardly in the doorway, watching him opening tins and making cocoa. "May I help?"

"NO, thanks," he said briskly. "Yes, you can, though. Make some toast by the fire. Only what we need, there's not much bread."

She ate ravenously, feeling better every moment, and yet more and more shy. Phil was quiet, not with the old angry, repressed silence, but as if he were tired. He carried out the dishes and came back to put another log on the fire.

She moved her feet on the sofa. "Want to sit here?"

"No. Stretch out." He lit his pipe and sat down by the table, then he reached out and turned down the lamp. "We'd better save paraffin."

She lay back and watched the shadows on the ceiling—the same ceiling that had whirled so wildly last night. It didn't seem like the same room now. And she wasn't the same . . .

"Phil."

"Yes?"

"Nothing." She could not tell him—yet.

She could only lie still, listening to the wind and the rain, and watching Phil's face in the firelight. It looked relaxed and peaceful just as she felt.

The next three days were remarkable for their quiet, peaceful companionship between herself and Phil. She helped carry in the wood, she watched him tinker with the smaller launch and with the engine of the outboard motor boat, neither of which would start.

She cooked, experimenting with biscuits in the oven of the oil stove; she discovered a tin of paraffin in the attic and was absurdly pleased with Phil's brief "Good girl!" And all the while she felt, in a queer way, as if she were recuperating from an illness—humble and contented and grateful, grateful most of all for Phil's silence.

For he did not once mention Charles Dane, nor that last evening of the house party. He was apparently as contented as she with their storm-bound existence. When, on the afternoon of the third day, she asked him what was probably happening at the office, he said: "Oh, Dad will think I've decided to stay on. He won't be worrying. It's one way of taking a holiday, anyway."

She stared at him. He had been going to take another kind of holiday—a holiday from her. A pang shot through her, far sharper than the pang she had felt when he spoke of separation, ages ago, in that other life . . .

He was saying something. "Do you realise that it's really stopped raining at last?"

"No," she said dully. She couldn't bear it—she couldn't.

"And," he was at the window now, "as I live, there's Angus!"

"Oh, no!" she cried. "It isn't! It—it can't be!"

He turned at her tone. "Angie, what's the matter?"

But, as they stood looking at each other, footsteps sounded on the porch, and the door opened. "Well," Angus said, "well!" He surveyed them quizzically.

Phil grinned. "How's the lake?"

"Quietin' down," Angus said. "These summer storms are bad. Worse nor winter ones, oftentimes. But when they're done, they're done, and that's one thing. I was thinkin' I might go and get some trout for supper—if ye like——"

"If we like!" said Phil.

"We'll go with you," Angela said quickly. "I'll get my boots."

But Phil's hand was gripping her own, holding her down on the window-seat. "In a minute. We'll meet you in the boathouse, Angus."

When the old man had clumped away, he turned to her. His brown face was taut and strained. "What were you going to say—when he came in?"

Please turn to page 38

FREE PURE IRISH LINEN GLASSCLOTHS

SIZE 23" x 32"

WHAT a chance! Before long you'll find it hard to buy Irish Linen at any price, yet right now you can get all the glasscloths you want — FREE! Not just ordinary quality, mind you, but genuine pure Irish Linen — a few quick wipes and your tumblers are sparkling! And look at their size — 23 ins. x 32 ins.! Big enough to last you right through drying up without getting soaked. So few wrapper-tops needed. You'll have them saved in no time. But start saving now!

Pure Irish Linen Glasscloths for 24 WRAPPER-TOPS from only 8 Sunlight Soap cartons

3 WRAPPERS IN EVERY CARTON

HOW TO GET YOUR GLASSCLOTH

Cut off the required number of wrapper-tops (the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap"—three in each carton).

Take these to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET, (TOWN HALL END), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your glasscloth, write on a small piece of paper your name, address and gift required (glasscloth), enclose with wrapper-tops and post to: "SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT", LEVER BROTHERS PTY. LTD., BOX 4310 YY, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

IMPORTANT: Uncertain conditions make this offer subject to alteration without notice.

A LEVER PRODUCT

1.107.2.

The answer is—

1. **Byron.**
2. **Keep it moistened with liquid fat while roasting.**
3. **George Washington.**
4. **The one next the thumb.**
5. **The act of conferring knighthood.**
6. **On one of the Farne Islands.**
7. **24 sheets.**
8. **Senator McLeay.**
9. **Is made from finely-ground chillies.**
10. **The Northern Territory.**

Questions on page 16

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So They Say

Is modern life imitation of native customs?

ALL modern dancing has come from the negro. But it would take more than that and a few clothes less to make us go native in the sense implied by L. Danby (9/11/'40).

If it comes to that, we all go "native" every time we use a fork.

Forks were invented by savages to eat with because they disliked handling flesh with their fingers.

Mrs. B. M. Wright, 192 Mann St., Glenbrook, N.S.W.

Keeps cheerful

IF gay coloring in our wardrobes and bright memory-teasing music are called native customs, then most of us would be glad to follow those examples.

Surely at no time before have we needed to present a cheerful face to the world as at present.

Any woman will confess that a colorful frock gives her an immediate "lift" in spirits.

Even the despised "crooner" plays a part in keeping us smiling. Look at the way our soldiers love "swing" music.

Miss Jean Moore, Canterbury Rd., Box Hill, Vic.

Little difference

WE sit wide-eyed with astonishment when we see a native dance, yet how little different is the "jitterbug" of modern civilisation.

Resembles native dance.

Heavy make-up applied to the face of the "glamor" girl to-day really differs little from the daube of paint the native uses.

We may become most indignant when we are compared with natives, but possibly we could learn a good deal from them when it comes to home life.

The criticism was fully justified.

Mrs. F. L. Lewis, First Ave., East Adelaide.

TEACH MEN COOKING

OUR guests invariably express amazement when told that the culinary effort they admire is the work of my husband.

We are both interested in original dishes and garnishes, and see no reason why he should not share an interesting hobby, though he is a busy man.

Apparently it is unusual for men to cook in their own homes.

This is strange, when according to statistics men make the finest cooks.

Mrs. H. Gullschewsky, c/o W. Strathdee, New Bundaberg, Qld.

BRAVERY AWARDS

I THINK the time is opportune for Australia to institute some forms of awards for acts of bravery among the Australian fighting forces.

Australians fighting for this country and the Empire in general should receive a real home decoration for an act of bravery.

For instance, an Australian soldier, sailor, or airman performing an act worthy of the Victoria Cross might also be awarded the Southern Cross, which could be made Australia's highest award.

A. Thornton, 4 John St., Woollahra, N.S.W.

FAR TOO VOCAL

AS we go to and fro we hear our young women talking in high-pitched voices which are not at all pleasant to hear.

Is this a desire to get attention focused on them? Or is it their way of letting us know of the good times they are having?

A quiet chat with a companion is very enjoyable for any young girl, without all this screaming at the top of their voices.

Jean Bruce, Walmsley St., Kangaroo Point, Brisbane.

NO SIMPLE LIFE

IT has greatly surprised me to see how many people prefer to stay in houses rather than tents when they take their vacations.

One would think that they would be only too glad to avoid the monotonous round of housework, which can be escaped in a tent.

Indeed, it seems that most people are afraid to "rough it" even for a week or two.

Miss B. Crossley, Prince St., Bellbird, N.S.W.

SMALL HAND OPENS DOOR OF KINDNESS

IT took a baby—our first—to teach us that people are not as unfriendly as they look.

Solemn policemen, busy conductors, glamorous girls, and bronzed men in uniform lend a willing hand lifting our pram on and off trams and up and down steps, following it up with a smile or a cheery word of advice.

It takes the "Open Sesame" of a baby to discover this kindly spirit.

While it survives, there is still hope of a brighter future for this bomb-crazed world.

£1 for this letter to L. Danby, 8 Albion Rd., Glen Iris SE6, Vic.

Should husbands give wives special allowance?

MRS. S. V. PARKER'S objections (9/11/'40) to allowances for wives preclude any possibility of husband and wife sharing financial responsibility.

A weekly allowance fixed in proportion to wage capacity seems to me to be a much happier arrangement. Then if times are bad it is understood that the wife receives less income and she should budget accordingly.

The wife who is in the unfortunate position of having to ask her husband for money for personal necessities is no better off than the home girl who owes everything to the generous impulses of her parents. It is for this reason that many girls carry on with their jobs after they are married, and single girls cling to their independence.

June Allen, 38 Haig St., Bexley, N.S.W.

Business contract

IF before she is married a girl demands that her prospective husband should make her a separate allowance, she shows very little confidence in him.

Such a demand would tend to turn marriage into a business contract, and would form a very poor basis on which to establish a happy home.

Modern women understand the value of money far better than did wives of a past generation, and husbands to-day give them allowances without being asked.

Mrs. L. Todd, Payneham Rd., St. Peters, Adelaide.

Encourage thrift

I PUT the question to a group of friends at a bridge afternoon. This is what I found:

The greater number were not in favor of personal allowances for wives, but thought that the weekly household budget should include personal expenses. If, after the household expenses had been paid, there was any money left over the wife should be able to decide whether she should use it for herself or the home. The reason given for this choice was that it encouraged a sense of thrift and independence.

Mrs. Beth Wilkinson, 14 Lauderdale Ave., Manly, N.S.W.

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

HARSH CRITICS

WHY are there so many people so ready with destructive criticism? If they learn of a new business venture or a good work planned they come forward, unasked, and promptly dash cold water on the idea.

When they have completely washed the first flush of enthusiasm away they may say: "Of course, you must please yourself, it's your affair, but that's how I feel about it."

It is seldom, indeed, that one hears a word of encouragement, but when it does come what a different feeling it leaves.

Mrs. K. H. Nelson, Rosny Rd., Bellerive, Tas.

NO MAKE-UP

I KNOW of a business girl whose father will not allow her to use cosmetics. Naturally she wants to be as glamorous as her friends, but always has to make excuses to them for her lack of make-up.

Is not the father doing her an injustice in making her different from all others?

She has an inferiority complex, which is a natural reaction.

Other people argue that the father is correct, but would that be the general opinion?

Veronica Price, Box 70, Ingham, N. Qld.

UNWANTED ADVICE

ISN'T it amusing the way single women make suggestions to married women regarding the management of their husbands and children?

They seem to think we either spoil or neglect them.

Does it never occur to these women that there may be a side to the nature of our families known only to those who live with them?

Mrs. R. H. McPaul, Fern Park, Upper Eden Ck., Kyogle, N.S.W.

VARY WEDDING GIFTS

AT a wedding the bride usually gets most of the presents, but why not the bridegroom?

There are many gifts that a bridegroom would appreciate from friends, but when a present is given it is usually something for the house, and for the bride, not the bridegroom.

Mrs. D. Dickenson, 4 Edmund St., Balwyn E8, Vic.

Do women exclude own sex from Parliament?

I DO not blame women for excluding women from politics, Mrs. Stirling (9/11/'40). I still blame the men.

They do not like the thought of women in the Government—perhaps because they are afraid that they would prove cleverer.

Of course, most women, I admit, are rather lax in their opinions regarding politics, and vote as their husbands tell them to.

Miss E. Wiseman, P.O., Morven, N.S.W.

Take offence

PROPERLY qualified women could be used in an advisory capacity to a Government, but as members of Parliament they are rarely successful.

Temperamentally, most women are unsuited to the stress of an electioneering campaign, and later to the arguments that arise in any democratic Government.

Men usually regard biting criticism as Parliamentary privilege, but women would take it as a personal insult.

Mrs. J. Short, Spring Rd., Malvern, Vic.

Need confidence

IT is quite right to blame women for the absence of their sex in Parliaments.

If nine out of ten women spoke the truth they would confess that they have an instinctive distrust of women in authority.

Do not inspire confidence.

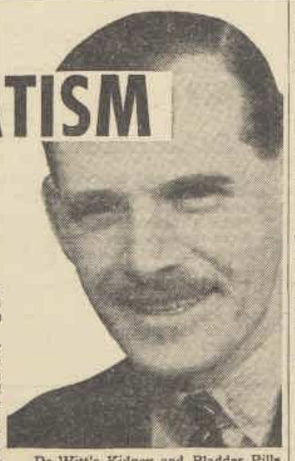
It is, of course, only a time-worn idea, as in many ways in recent years women have shown themselves fully capable of running the big business which is what a Government really is.

Confidence in their own sex is what modern women need.

T. H. Thompson, P.O., Kalgoorlie, W.A.

RHEUMATISM

De Witt's Pills quickly freed him from pain!



Mr. W. W. is so grateful for the benefit from De Witt's Pills that he is continually recommending them to others—who also "swear by them."

He writes:—"*I state without fear of contradiction that I was a very bad sufferer from rheumatism. Then I heard of De Witt's Pills and decided to give them a trial. They acted like magic—I am now free from pain, but I always keep a bottle in the house. I have recommended them to others, who swear by them. What they have done for me they will do for others, if given a fair trial.*"

Mr. W. W.

De Witt's Pills overcome the pain caused by rheumatism because they tackle the trouble right at the source—weak kidneys. When kidneys are weak and sluggish they allow impurities and poisons, especially excess uric acid, to accumulate in the system. It is then your trouble starts. Until you get your kidneys acting normally again, your pain will continue and get worse.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills act *directly* on the kidneys. They tone them up, strengthen them and restore normal healthy activity. You get visible proof of their direct action on the kidneys within 24 hours of taking the first dose.

With kidneys back at work again the real cause of your rheumatic troubles is cleared right out of the system. Then, and only then, will your pain end and the vigour and vitality of good health return again.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER Pills

Specially for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and Kidney Troubles. Obtainable everywhere. Prices—1/9, 3/- and 5/9. Start to get well TO-DAY.

Protect that Precious Life with 'DETTOL'

Those very precious lives—Mother and Baby—everything must be done to protect them from danger. Above all, be careful what antiseptic you use. 'Dettol,' the modern antiseptic, kills germs, but cannot harm even the tender skin of a baby. Many Maternity Hospitals in many lands now use it. 'Dettol' is valuable not only when baby is born, but whenever an antiseptic is required to safeguard the health of Mother and Child. 'Dettol' is non-poisonous, non-staining, has a pleasant smell and is an effective deodorant.

Take no risk—get 'Dettol.' Ask your Doctor or Nurse—they use it.

'DETTOL'

THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

Reckitts (Over Sea) Ltd. (Pharmaceutical Dept.), Sydney

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Search for radio talent

New 2GB amateur session

To-day Australia is being thrown more and more on its own resources in the world of entertainment. Just as in 1914, when there was a sudden demand for talent, theatrical managers found no lack of it, so to-day the war is having the same effect.

HARRY DEARTH, radio entertainer from Station 2GB.

THAT is the opinion of Harry Dearth, the well-known producer and compere, who will present a new national 2GB programme devoted to the discovery and assistance of new and promising talent.

This programme will be known as "Australia's Amateur Hour," and will be broadcast every Thursday night at 8 o'clock.

"It has been a regrettable fact that Australians have shown little interest in their own artists," said Mr. Dearth.

"I believe, however, that war conditions are changing all that.

"But, however eager producers and the public may be to discover new talent, there is always one difficulty facing the amateur, and that is the distance from his home town to the place of audition.

"Because the Australian Amateur Hour can be heard by every theatrical management at one hearing, it is going to bring wonderful opportunities to all amateur artists who have the essential requirements for success.

"Another big handicap for amateurs when auditioning for professional engagements is that they may have neither stage nor microphone experience.

"So in the Australian Amateur Hour we offer—instead of prizes which they may or may not win—an audition; we will take the material and polish it; we will help to put it over. Many world-famous bands do not do their own arranging. They have an arranger, and so have we.

"Another big handicap for amateurs seeking professional engagements is that they are unknown and they have no following. Theatrical managements find that however talented Johnny Jones may be, the public will not come to see him if no one has heard of him.

"Over the Australian Amateur Hour Johnny Jones and the rest will receive a build-up; they will get a following, and that is what the theatre wants," said Mr. Dearth.

Here are some of the people who will be heard in the first "Australia's Amateur Hour."

Mr. Frederick Glading, a fine baritone, travels up and down dusty roads in remote parts of Australia.

He was discovered by a talent scout for "Australia's Amateur Hour."

Splendid voice

WITHOUT any training, Mr. Glading won a prize in the baritone section of a recent eisteddfod; now he will be heard by an Australia-wide audience.

Marjory Lynch and Dorothy Hill, of Bexley, Sydney, both run bands of their own at the age of sixteen and nineteen respectively.

Dorothy is pianist to Marjory's band of ten mandolins and two Spanish guitars. Marjory is Spanish guitarist in Dorothy's band, which consists of eight accordions, slap-bass, ukulele, drums and guitars.

Bill Williams and his friends who work at a Sydney iron foundry toil through the day on huge iron fittings. At night they play violins, basses, cornets, accordions and pianos.

In "Australia's Amateur Hour" they will be known as Pedro and his orchestra.

They play without any knowledge of written music, use very unusual keys, and attain novel, but musical, color harmonies which give their playing a charm and distinction far above anything achieved by the average musician.

"Next Thursday night I'll be presenting a new full hour radio show—'Australia's Amateur Hour.' Be with us then at 8 o'clock and be entertained by Australia's Amateurs, who may be tomorrow's stars."

HARRY DEARTH

Remember . . .

THURSDAY NEXT—

8 O'CLOCK

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and a nation-wide relay

"AUSTRALIA'S AMATEUR HOUR"

"THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF SANTA CLAUS"

2GB

Every Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs.—6.15 p.m.

Commencing December 2nd

Summer Storm

Continued from page 36

"THAT," she hesitated, then she faced him. She must say it, no matter what happened. "That I don't want to go back. I don't want this to end. I—oh, Phil, I've been such a ghastly fool!"

She covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. Then she felt Phil's arms round her, and sobbed even harder. His arms tightened. "We've both been fools," he said at last, unsteadily. "We've been living all wrong—people and parties and never being alone. I suppose we got going too fast. We went into a tail-spin and couldn't get out of it."

"I know," she murmured. Her face was buried in his coat, and she could feel the steady, quick beat of his heart. "That's why I was so absolutely awful about—about Charles."

"Hush," he said. "I was just as bad. I was rotten, and I knew it, but I was too proud and," he hesitated, "and hurt to do anything but go on hurting you."

There was a little silence. Then Angela said: "We won't do it again. We'll know better when we get back."

But he was grave. "We may. We'll have to work to change things, Angie. But if they go wrong again, perhaps we'll remember——"

"What?"

"This," he said, and kissed her. It was a long kiss, and it told everything they had not said—what now they need not ever say. She raised her head at last, shaken, smiling, wet-eyed. Then suddenly she gave a start.

"What's that noise?"

From the boathouse came a roar. "Mester Cushing! Will ye hurry, or will I go on alone?"

They looked at each other and burst out laughing. Then, hand in hand, like two children, they ran out into the liquid sunlight of a summer's afternoon.

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

should give "Vanix" the opportunity to do for them what it has done for thousands of others.

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a product of The Van Schuyler (Aust.) Co., is a scientific discovery of Paul Van Schuyler, which firstly devitalizes and then destroys the hairs. It has no detrimental effect on the skin, and is simple and pleasant to use. "VANIX" is priced at 5/6 a bottle (5/10 posted) from Hallam Pty., Ltd., 210 George St., Sydney, and all 12 Branches; Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Lit. Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 55 Rundle St., Adelaide.

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If you suffer from Rheumatism, Get up Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. Ordinary medicines can't help much, because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles by removing cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Get Cystex from your chemist or store. The guarantee protects you. Now in 3 sizes: 1/9, 4/-, 8/-

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GUARANTEED for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

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Continual washing doesn't age Nile Athletic Singlets. They're woven for WEAR from selected Egyptian yarn. Prices, 2/6, 2/11 and 3/6. Also Nile Junior Athletic Singlets for boys, 1/6.

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society.

At this time of the year Sagittarians—people born between November 23 and December 22—take pride of place astrologically.

ON or near November 23, the sun passes from the sign of Scorpio into that of Sagittarius, thus throwing the great power of its radiatory influences into the affairs, the lives and characters of those born under that sign.

The importance of this sign will be better appreciated when it is remembered that Sagittarius has rule over three of the world's most famous family—the Royal family of Great Britain. These are His Majesty King George VI (born on December 14, 1895), the Duke of Kent (born on December 20, 1902), and Marina, Duchess of Kent (born on December 13, 1906).

The Duchess' date is given as by the Gregorian Calendar in use in Britain and most other parts of the world, although by the Julian Calendar (Russian), also used in Greece, her birth occurred 14 days earlier, on November 30. However, this still leaves her a Sagittarian.

Other famous people born under this sign include Noel Coward, John Milton, Walter Disney, Edith Cavell, Sir William Orpen, and William Carnegie, representing almost every angle of ability and brilliance.

Sagittarians are essentially a "mental" type, capable of absorbing knowledge in a big way. They often write "dry" technical books, treatises, reports or articles, and are usually fond of reading biographies and other deep literary works.

In short, most Sagittarians have brains. The thing for them to do is to learn how to use them.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Don't grumble about your lack of luck. Go out after it, especially now when the stars of most Arians are friendly. Make wise plans and be patient and constructive. Act on November 30; consolidate thereafter. December 4 and 5 fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Get outstanding routine matters in order and plan ahead. Meanwhile December 1 and 2 just fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Let your conscience be your guide this coming week. Unwary Geminians can run into trouble, especially on November 30 and December 6 and 7. Try to dodge discord, loss, upset, and partings then.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Just a week of days for most Cancerians.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Your stars now favor most of you, so get busy and try to accomplish those successes you have contemplated. Make sure that not a moment of November 30 is lost. Be cautious on December 3, 4, and 5.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Only by the use of wisdom, patience, caution, common sense, tolerance, and good cheer can you avoid upsets during the coming week. Especially is this the case on November 30, and December 6 and 7.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Quite fair for many Librans on December 3 (afternoon only), 4 and 5, for semi-important matters.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): December 3, 4, and 5 poor. December 6 and 7 just fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): This is a time when most Sagittarians turn their starry radiations to good account by constructive planning and wise and energetic action. Opportunities are likely and may be turned into successes, especially in matters started on November 30, December 3 (p.m. hours), 4 and 5, fair.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Plan for the near future. Meanwhile, get routine or semi-important matters in order. December 1 and 2 just fair.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Many Aquarians will find that December 3 (after 1 p.m.), 4 and 5 can be utilised for the achievement of semi-important projects.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): This is not a good time for most Piceans, but that is no reason for expecting downright bad luck, as so many Piceans are inclined to do. Better to try to dodge trouble (especially on November 30 and December 6 and 7) by living cautiously, moderately, and cheerfully.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, has reached Fort Radi, Central Africa, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, who was a prince of the Wambesi tribe, a member of which,
BESA: Is suspected of having used "black magic" to cause the death of
COLONEL CARR: The Commandant. The Colonel sentenced Besa for theft, and on his release from prison he told
LIBIE: The Colonel's daughter, that her fiancé,
TOD BROWNELL: A friend of Mandrake's, would also die. Mandrake goes to see Besa, and after meeting
NAROB: The Colonel's houseboy, warns Besa that he will be watched. NOW READ ON.

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HERE'S a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho — double strength — from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. *Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.*

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as *this strength is sold under a guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.*

KINTHO [DOUBLE STRENGTH]

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Prettier tones

The Camilatone Beauty Routine is the quick way to sparkling hair loveliness. First it cleanses the hair thoroughly with Camilatone—the gentlest and safest of all shampoos, then it enriches the colour with Tonrinz. Special Camilatone shampoo, complete with Tonrinz, for Blonde, Auburn, Mid and Dark Brown, White and Gold, at 6d. each. Separate Tonrinz at 3d. each.

PUT SUNSHINE IN YOUR HAIR *with* Camilatone BEAUTY SHAMPOO & TONRINZ

A BOOK TO READ

When the children ask "WHY-Y-Y?"

A fourteen-year-old girl has drawn the 80 illustrations for "Liesel Asks Why-y-y?" a delightful book of childhood anecdotes which also provides guidance on child psychology in an entertaining form.

The illustrator is Liesel Schnierer, whose mother, Mrs. Irma Schnierer, wrote the book.

IRMA SCHNIERER, who wrote a book about her daughter.

EVER since Liesel was born her mother has kept a diary. In this diary she noted the bodily and mental development of Liesel and her little friends, and jotted down many of the things they said and did.

"Liesel Asks Why-y-y?" is largely made up of extracts from this diary.

The Schnierer family lived in Vienna till 1938, when they were forced to leave. They lived in Paris and London for a short time, but have now been in Australia for nearly two years.

Always interested in child psychology and education, Mrs. Schnierer published "Liesel Asks Why-y-y?" in German when her small daughter was eleven. Later it was translated into Hungarian and French.

The Australian edition has been translated by Mrs. Vance Palmer, of Melbourne, and it contains an introduction by Miss Christine M. Heinig, Ph.D., M.A., Columbia, Director of Association for Pre-School Development in Australia.

When it was discovered that the blocks used in the Continental editions were no longer available, Liesel asked permission to do the illustrations.

"It was a surprise to me," said her mother. "Our home is always full of Liesel's drawings, but I did not think they were good enough. She submitted some ideas to the publishers, which they accepted.

"Some of the children in my book are Austrian, some are Australian, but they all have the same appeal. Although children in different parts of the world may look different, they are absolutely alike in all countries. They put the same questions to their mothers, and they have all the same problems."

FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD Liesel Schnierer, who illustrated the book her mother wrote about her.

One of the most entertaining chapters contains school anecdotes, including the story of Hertha:

"Hertha belongs to Form B, but once she comes to Form A on a visit, as her teacher is ill.

"At home they ask her which class is further on, her own or the other.

"'Ours is, of course,' says Hertha eagerly. 'They've only got to the second siege of Vienna by the Turks, but we're as far as Snow White already.'"

Most mothers, fathers, uncles and aunts have had to face up to "Whys" like these:

"Mummy, why is it raining? Mummy, why must I sleep? Why has your sweet green dress got stars on it and no moon? Are there rails on the moon? Why-y-y aren't there any rails on the moon?

"How old can a person get, Mummy? When is it that a person can't get any older? What is the world for? How is the world built? Could the sky get built too? Mummy, how do thieves talk? Don't they talk thievish?

"What are hands for? And eyes? And ears? Have butterflies got ears?

"Mummy, does the electric train go by a motor? How are motors made?"

When Liesel's mother confesses frankly that she does not know, Liesel coaxes, "Ah, but just tell me half of it?"

Motherly understanding

AND Mrs. Schnierer suggests that it might be better to half answer questions than to give a complete answer made up on the spur of the moment.

The story of Liesel's Christmas handbag is told with motherly understanding.

". . . She hardly ever separates herself from it all day. Nevertheless it is kept spotless, for Liesel cleans and polishes it after every outing.

"She never puts it away casually. Before going to sleep she puts the bag to bed in a roomy box, first wrapping it in tissue-paper.

"Who could have guessed that this very object beloved before all others was destined to change Liesel's outlook on the world?

"The handbag is stolen . . .

"The despair is immense. It wears off a little after a time, but what it leaves behind is worse — mistrust, disillusion about mankind. Someone had stolen something from her and with it had taken also her simplicity and her happy trustfulness.

"How sad her voice sounds when she says, shaking her head, and speaking more to herself than to me, 'To think a grown-up person would steal something from a child.'"

"Liesel Asks Why-y-y?" By Irma Schnierer. (Angus and Robertson.)

These few lines contain a moral— Solvol often saves a quarrel!

No woman admires a man with work-stained hands. Yet scrubbing won't shift embedded grease. It takes good old Solvol to float out sludge and ground-in grime! Solvol makes hands look and feel well-groomed.

So gentle and long-lasting

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Remove your wrinkles with EXOTIC EYE CREAM, the greatest achievement of medicine and cosmetics.

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In Queensland: L. A. Wilkinsons Northern Pty., Ltd. In Victoria: McRoberts & Oakley, 368 Bourke Street, Melbourne.

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Starry-eyed and fascinating—

Colorful Gerbera

AUSTRALIAN gardeners have improved the gerbera, known in South Africa as the Barberton daisy, to such an extent that this once humble flower of one color (scarlet) can be obtained in a bewildering range of shades.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

THIS useful perennial plant does better in the warmer parts of Australia, and is rather frost-tender, but can be grown anywhere in the Commonwealth if afforded some protection during winter.

The flowers are borne on long, slender stems, and last well if the water is renewed regularly and the ends of the stems are burned or scalded in boiling water.

Plants may be raised from seed, or can be propagated by dividing old plants. Seed must be fresh, for it does not retain its viability very long, and stale seed is frequently the cause of disappointment.

The best method to raise gerbera plants from seed is to make up a box of well-sterilised sandy soil (soil that has been baked over a hot fire), cover this with a thin layer of pulverised peat moss or rotted turf, saturate with water, firm well all round, and allow to drain.

Cover with bag

THEN, while the soil is still wet, sow the seed on the surface and cover with a wet bag. If you can spare the time to sow the seeds by thrusting their pointed ends into the peat moss one by one, leaving the fluffy ends projecting, so much the better.

Leave the bag on top for a few days, moistening slightly with an atomiser or fine spray, and when the seedlings appear remove the bag and sprinkle a very little more finely pulverised peat moss and some sand over them to hold them in place.

Then cover the box with a sheet of glass on which a newspaper has been pasted or gummed. This will prevent the sunshine from burning off the delicate little plants, for during the germinating stage the box must be exposed to full sunlight.

Although September is considered the best month for raising these plants from seed, the writer has raised them the year round by following this method.

As the plants develop the glass should be removed and the boxes given a trifle more shade to prevent burning. When transplanting seedlings to the open beds, allow from 18 to 21 inches of space.

The soil must be light and friable and contain plenty of lime, rotted leaves, and decayed manure. If the soil is naturally heavy, add lime, rotted horse manure, crushed charcoal, and sand.

If very light and sandy, and inclined to become too hot during summer, add leaf mould, rotted cow manure, and any vegetable compost that will retain moisture.

Gerberas like deep soil, for their roots go down to a depth of 18 inches at times, and must have good drainage. For this reason flower beds should be raised at least 12 or 14 inches above the rest of the garden. Waterlogging means loss.

Another peculiarity of this African native is its marked dislike to over-deep planting. The crowns of the plants must at all times be kept on the surface, not buried, for the crown is a vital part of the plant.

When setting out plants hold the roots firmly in one hand, dibble a deep hole, and drop them in, then fill in with well-sieved soil. On no account spread the roots out fanwise.

For fungus troubles

THE scattering of a little clean sand or crushed charcoal round and under each crown is beneficial, for the gerbera is susceptible to several fungus troubles, including rust and leaf spot.

Gerberas are rather gross feeders and should receive plenty of old manure or liquid manure each season. If too much soft growth appears and small blooms result, desist from manuring and watering for a while until the plant hardens up and becomes healthier in appearance.

During hot weather the plants require a lot of feed and water, but if the foliage turns a light green color reduce the ration.

Care must be exercised when cultivating gerbera beds, for the roots go down to a great depth and spread out a fair distance. If the crowns are covered during hoeing the soil should be blown out or washed away with the hose or can.

The best flowers are obtained on gerberas during autumn and winter in the warmer parts of the Commonwealth. Every second year gerberas should be divided and replanted.

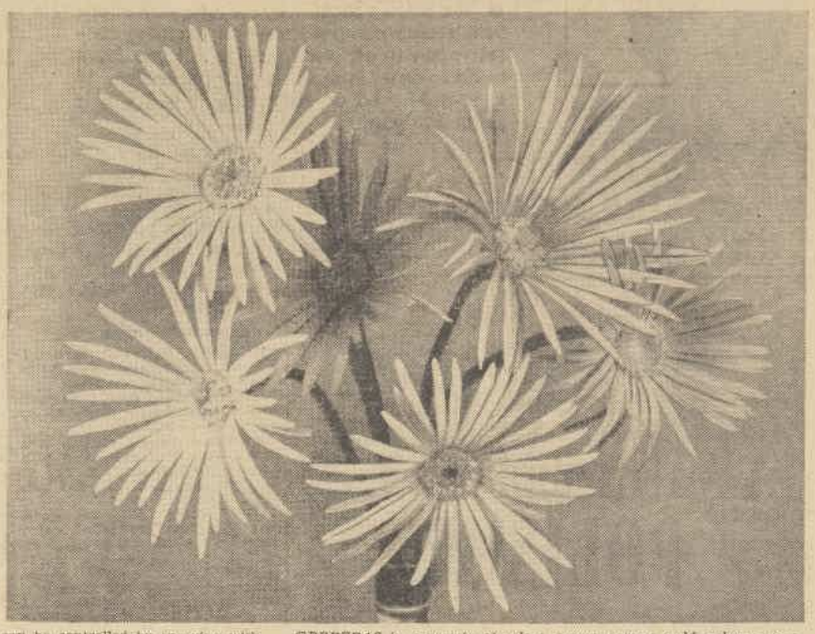
Spring or early summer is the best time to do this. They will then flower well into winter.

A most accommodating plant, the gerbera can be bought and planted at almost any time of the year.

Slugs, snails and many caterpillars are fond of the flowers, but can be controlled by spraying with arsenate of lead. Dusting regularly with flowers of sulphur prevents leaf spot and rust.

In addition to the new and lovely double Backhousii hybrids, which are of great size and somewhat resemble double cosmos, gerberas can be obtained in shades varying from cream through to orange, gold, salmon, rose, shell-pink, ruby-red and violet.

Although regarded by some people as a difficult plant to grow to perfection, they can be raised with ease if the gardener will take just a little more than ordinary care.



GERBERAS in a variety of colors, cream, orange, gold, salmon, rose and red. The flowers are borne on long stems, which makes them ideal for cutting. The plants can be raised the year round in any part of the Commonwealth, providing protection from frost is supplied.

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Serious Chances

Are Taken in Neglecting a Simple Case of Piles

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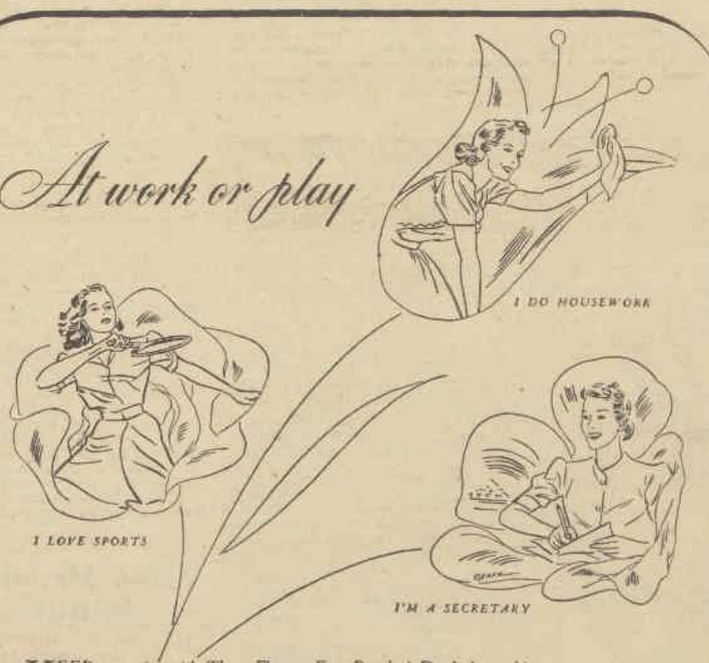
Let DOAN'S OINTMENT give you the relief you so sorely need. Refuse all substitutes. Remember the name DOAN'S.

At work or play



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Soft, smooth-spreading, transparent, Three Flowers Face Powder gives you a *natural-looking* loveliness that "wins friends and influences people" to love you. Its perfect adherence keeps your skin petal-smooth and fragrant as a flower for *hours*. Buy a box *today!*

(Try, too, Three Flowers luxurious three creams: Cleansing Cream, Skin and Tissue Cream, Vanishing Cream.)

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The Sauce with a Secret

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First prize for a new CHERRY PIE

● The week's most interesting entry in our best recipe competition—an exciting contest open to all our readers. All you have to do to enter is send us your pet recipe. If it is published on this page it will win a prize for you.

EVERY week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe entered in our best recipe competition.

Consolation prizes of 2/6 each are awarded for all other recipes published.

All you have to do to enter is write out your recipe, attach name and address, and send to this office.

THESE TWO culinary enthusiasts, Cecilia Parker (left) and Fay Holden, MGM, are thoroughly enjoying their work. If you like cooking, send us your favorite recipe and it may win a cash prize.

AMERICAN CHERRY PIE

Filling: One quart ripe cherries, 1 egg-yolk, 3 tablespoons cream, ½ cup sugar, breadcrumbs, cinnamon.

Dough: One cup flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon shortening, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg.

Mix flour, baking powder, and sugar. Work in shortening with finger-tips. Add egg. Mix. Toss on lightly floured board and roll ¼ inch thick.

Wash cherries, stem and stone. Place in colander over dish to catch the juice. Spread layer of dough on piedish. Sprinkle top with breadcrumbs. Spread cherries evenly. Shake over sugar and cinnamon. Beat egg-yolk well. Add cream and cherry juice and pour over all. Bake in hot oven until well browned underneath.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. C. Scott, 71 Macarthur St., Sale, Vic.

SPICE CAKE

Three-quarters cup sugar, ¼ cup butter, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup chopped nuts, 2 cups flour, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 level teaspoon nutmeg, cinnamon, and mixed spice.

Boil raisins in 1 cup of water for 20 minutes, allow to cool, drain and keep water for cake (must be 1 cup of water). Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then spices and flour and water; dissolve soda in water alternately. Then, lastly, raisins, vanilla, and nuts. Bake in sandwich tins for 45 minutes.

Filling: Beat ¼ cup butter and 1½ cups icing sugar; add 1 egg and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Fill cake and ice top and sides.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. S. Banister, Back Creek, via Gloucester, N.S.W.

SAVORY ASPARAGUS ROLLS

Cheese Pastry: 1 cup self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon butter, asparagus tips, 1 cup finely-grated cheese, 1 egg-yolk, 2 tablespoons ice water.

Sift flour and salt into a basin, work in butter, add grated cheese, beat egg-yolk, add water until a stiff paste is formed. Roll out thinly on lightly floured board, cut into lengths 3 inches long by 1½ inches wide. Brush edges with beaten egg, place a piece of asparagus on each. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne, and roll pastry neatly around asparagus. Glaze over with egg and milk, place on greased tray, and bake in moderately hot oven for 15 to 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Greaney, 67 Waterworks Rd., Red Hill W1, Brisbane.

HONEY CREAM BISCUITS

Quarter pound butter, ½lb. sugar, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon honey, 1 lemon, 2 cups flour 1 teaspoon cream of tartar ½ teaspoon carbonate soda, pinch salt.

Cream butter and sugar, add 1 egg and beat well; add 1 dessertspoon of honey and beat again. Stir in dry ingredients and grated rind and juice of 1 lemon. Bake in moderate oven. When cold, join together in pairs with cream made with ½lb. icing sugar, 1oz. butter, 1 tablespoon honey, and a little lemon juice.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. O. Trotter, Bellangry, via Wauchope, N.S.W.

TROPICAL GINGERBREAD

Half cup butter, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup treacle, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ cups plain flour, 1 cup coconut, ½ cup cold water.

Cream butter and sugar; add beaten eggs and treacle, then beat all together. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add alternately with cold water. Stir in coconut. Bake in greased tin in moderate oven 35 minutes. When cold, ice and decorate with preserved ginger.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Munro, Box 227, Naracoorte, S.A.

SAVORY TONGUES

Cook six sheeps' tongues or more if required until they peel readily. Trim off base and cut in halves, slitting lengthwise. Grease a casserole or piedish with butter, and sprinkle with breadcrumbs, chopped parsley, a little thyme, pepper and salt to taste. Place strips of lean bacon then remainder of tongue. Pour in a cup of milk, and cover well with breadcrumbs and parsley. Cook slowly in a moderate oven for an hour. Remove lid, and place a good layer of mashed potatoes on top. Cook again until nicely browned. Serve with green peas and diced boiled carrots.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. T. E. Tomlinson, 55 Green St., Ivanhoe, Vic.

STEAK AND SPAGHETTI PIE

One pound bladebone steak, 1 carrot, 1 onion, ½lb. tomatoes, ½lb. spaghetti, wineglass sherry, pepper and salt, 1 tablespoon grated cheese.

Remove all fat and skin from steak and cut up finely. Peel tomatoes and cut up onion in small pieces, dice carrot and put all in saucepan. Simmer for two hours. Put spaghetti in boiling salted water and boil for half an hour. When steak is tender add wine, put all in a piedish and mix in cooked spaghetti. Add salt and pepper to taste. Sprinkle with grated cheese and put under griller for a minute or two. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Joan Graham, 59 Bland St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

CLEANS and POLISHES in a single action . . .

"Jex"

The Household Cleaner with 101 uses

There's a job for "JEX" in every room in the house. The magic pads of "JEX" Steel Wool are just as effective for cleaning the TILES of the Fireplace in the Lounge, the LINOLEUM and WOODWORK of the Bathroom, THE BATH itself, the WINDOWS of every room, the ELECTRO-PLATE and the CRYSTAL, as they are for making the Sink spotless and polishing utensils of Aluminium, Iron, Tin, Copper or Brass till they gleam like new.

"JEX" CLEANS and POLISHES in a single action, and does so with the very minimum of time and with the very minimum of effort.

"JEX" cannot scratch the surface, nor will it harm the hands. For "JEX" is composed of Steel Wool, and is as fine in texture as Human Hair.

A Booklet full of practical suggestions is enclosed with every packet of "Jex." If you have not yet employed this most marvellous cleaner of all time, decide to do so today. "Jex" is obtainable from your grocer or storekeeper for A FEW PENCE PER PACKET.

If you have any difficulty in buying "Jex" locally, write direct for FREE SAMPLE packet.

"Jex"

JEX PTY. LTD. 130 COLLINS ST. MELBOURNE

YOU CAN USE "JEX" WITH ANY KIND OF SOAP

WHEN THINGS LOOK BLACK . . . USE JEX

Miss Precious Minutes

TO revive pearl or crystal beads that have become dull, cover them with powdered chalk, leave for a few days, and then polish with a soft silk cloth. This treatment is both effective and harmless.

* * *

CORKS which are liable to stick should be rubbed over with glycerine. You will then find that you can easily remove them from the bottle without fear of breakage.

* * *

EVENING shoes of silver tissue fabric can be brightened by applying powdered magnesia. Allow it to remain on for a few hours, then brush out with a fine brush.

* * *

IF you suffer from tired feet you may find that the cause is traceable to shoes with very thin soles. Try putting a cork insole inside each shoe.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Salt of the Empire

Victory in this war will largely depend on Britain's trade of which Cerebos Salt forms a part.
Cerebos Salt is the First Salt of the Empire upon which the Sun never sets. *Use Cerebos.*

CEREBOS SALT

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It's mixing time for those

Christmas Puddings

IF you want your pudding to be full of fine flavor this year and a credit to your culinary skill, don't delay making it any longer. Christmas is only a few weeks away —just enough time to allow your pudding to mature!

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

OLD ENGLISH CHRISTMAS PUDDING, a delicious mixture containing mixed fruit, orange juice, carrot, and six eggs among its other ingredients. May be served with hard sauce or caramel brandy sauce.

HERE is the recipe for the pudding photographed in color on this page.

OLD ENGLISH CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Half a pound each of seeded raisins, sultanas and beef suet, ½lb. candied peel, ½lb. chopped figs, 4 breakfast-cups fine breadcrumbs, ½oz. mixed spice, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup orange juice, 6 eggs, 1½ cups brown sugar, ½ cup plain flour, 1 large grated carrot, 6 tablespoons sherry or rum.

Chop suet and candied peel. Sift flour, salt, and spice. Mix all fruit together, then add suet and crumbs. Sprinkle with sifted flour and spice. Moisten sugar with orange juice and add to fruit and grated carrot. Mix in well-beaten eggs. Stir all together thoroughly and leave overnight in a bowl, with sherry or rum poured over. Cover bowl carefully.

Next day place mixture in a large buttered basin, cover with paper greased on both sides, and steam for 6 hours, or tie in prepared pudding-cloth and boil for 5 hours.

HARD SAUCE

Four ounces butter, 4oz. castor sugar, 1 tablespoon brandy or sherry, green coloring, 2oz. ground almonds if liked.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Add sherry or brandy very slowly until smooth and creamy. Color a pale green and fold in the ground almonds. Pile roughly in an open dish and chill thoroughly before serving with hot plum pudding.

CARAMEL BRANDY SAUCE

One cup brown sugar, ½ cup butter, ½ cup milk or cream, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons brandy.

Cream butter, stir in sugar gradually, then add the brandy very slowly. Add the well-beaten egg-yolks and cream or milk. Cook in a double saucepan or jug in boiling water until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from fire and add the stiffly-beaten whites of eggs. Serve at once as an accompaniment to pudding.

STEAMED SAGO PLUM PUDDING

Small half-cup sago soaked in a large cup milk overnight, 1½ cups breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons flour, ½ cup seeded raisins, ½ cup sultanas, small piece lemon peel, 2 egg, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ cup brown sugar.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg, then soaked sago and milk, fruit, and peel. Stir in the breadcrumbs, flour and carb. soda. Steam in a buttered basin 3-4 hours, serve with caramel sauce.

CARAMEL SAUCE

Two ounces loaf sugar, 3 tablespoons water, 1 dessertspoon castor sugar, 1 level tablespoon butter, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, ½ pint milk, pinch of salt, vanilla to flavor.

Put loaf sugar and water into saucepan and let boil until a deep honey color. Pour in the milk, add butter and salt. Stir in the blended cornflour, boil 3 minutes, add vanilla and serve with sago plum pudding.

CARAMEL PLUM PUDDING

Five ounces bread squares, 1 gill cream, 1 gill sherry, ½ pint milk, 2oz. candied peel, 4oz. sultanas, 2oz. seeded raisins, 2 eggs, 3oz. castor sugar, 1oz. loaf sugar, grated rind 1 lemon.

Place loaf sugar in small saucepan. Add 2 teaspoons water, stir over heat until dissolved. Allow to boil without stirring until the color of treacle. Allow to cool slightly before adding milk. Heat until caramel has dissolved, strain and pour over bread cut into one-inch squares. Leave to soak for 1 hour.

Beat eggs and cream, add fruit, finely-chopped peel, sugar, and grated lemon rind. Stir this mixture into soaked bread squares, add sherry and mix lightly. Place in a buttered basin and steam for about 2 hours. Serve with foaming wine sauce.

FOAMING WINE SAUCE

One gill sherry, 1oz. castor sugar, yolks 2 eggs.

Slightly beat yolks with the sugar. Add sherry and pour all into a double saucepan, and whisk with 2 forks over boiling water till of thick creamy consistency, but be careful not to allow it to curdle. Make just as pudding is to be served. If made too soon the sauce will be flat.

RICH PLUM PUDDING
(without eggs)

Two cups flour, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 cup sultanas, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon mixed spices, 2oz. candied peel, 1 grated apple, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup hot water, ½ teaspoon carb. soda.

Mix flour, fruit, sugar, spices, and peel. Melt butter in hot water, add carb. soda, and vanilla. Stir into dry ingredients and allow to stand overnight. Steam or boil for 4 hours.

SWEET MINCE

One pound brown sugar, ½lb. each of seeded raisins, sultanas, beef suet, and fresh apples, ½lb. currants, ½lb. mixed peel, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, 6 tablespoons brandy, sherry or orange juice.

Have fruit well washed and dried. Peel and chop apples, also mixed peel, skin and chop suet. Mix all ingredients together, put into jars. Cover tightly. Do not use for some time, as the flavor develops when the mince is kept for about 3 to 4 weeks. Use for making small tartlets or a large mince pie.

FILLING Christmas pies with sweet mince. These pies are useful for stocking the Christmas pantry. The best idea is to make a good supply of mince several weeks before the festive season so the flavor will develop. See recipe above.

APPETISING! - all it wants now is the HEINZ MAYONNAISE

There are two ways to get a perfect mayonnaise—(1) make it yourself, or (2) let Heinz make it. Making it yourself involves getting the richest cream—the very freshest of eggs—and other good things like that—and mixing and beating them to the exquisite, smooth creamy texture which is essential. All this trouble, on a hot summer's day, with a thousand and one other things to do, is a weariness and a burden. You can achieve the same result by letting Heinz do the work instead. Heinz Mayonnaise *keeps*. Taste it once and you'll never waste time making mayonnaise again. Try it at *our* risk. Get a bottle and use it. If you don't like it, tell your grocer so, when he will give you back, without question, the purchase price in full.

One of the 57 varieties

HM 40/2

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WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME—
. . . By a Doctor

How to treat "CAMP THROAT"

PATIENT: Doctor, for the last couple of days I have had a sore throat. Apart from this I feel fairly well, but my throat is so sore that I can't eat anything with comfort. It is hindering my work, too. Is there any way of relieving the soreness?

DOCTOR: You are only another victim of the present epidemic of "camp throat."

This infection has been very prevalent, especially in military camps, during the past few months.

It has rather novel symptoms, by far the most constant and characteristic in the early stage being a distressing sore throat.

This usually continues for three to four days, and then develops into a kind of bronchitis. The bronchitis stage is followed by a hacking cough which may persist for several weeks.

This sequence of symptoms does not correspond with any of the commonly recognised infections of nose and throat, and medical men who have been investigating the problem are agreed that it must be caused by some new form of virus.

They have provisionally called it U.R.T.I., or Upper Respiratory Tract Infection.

The mere fact that it is caused by a new variety of infective agent is probably responsible for its wide and rapid spread through the community this winter—the community as a whole not yet having had time to develop any protective immunity against its attack.

The infection in itself is more distressing than serious. But it seems to weaken the powers of the nose and throat membranes to resist other infections. In many cases "camp throat" is followed by an attack of influenza or German measles.

The best treatment for "camp throat" is as much rest as possible—in bed for preference, keeping warm and protected from strong winds and dust.

For the benefit of others, avoid crowds and close contact with other people.

Inhalation of steam from a jug of boiling water containing a teaspoonful of Friar's Balsam is soothing.

If the voice is husky, avoid talking more than necessary.

Liquid and semi-liquid foods are generally the most acceptable and easiest to swallow.

This food, however, in spite of its liquid character, must still be nourishing.

During any infection of this kind the body needs increased amounts of vitamins B1 and C.

Vitamin C is easily obtained in the form of freshly-squeezed orange juice, pineapple juice, or fresh, ripe pawpaw.

Vitamin B1, which is contained in yeast, can be taken in liquid form by making a beverage of one of the yeast extracts on the market.

Vitamin-rich foods

VITAMIN B1 is contained, too, in wheat germ, bran, beans, peas, leafy vegetables, milk and wholegrain cereals.

This vitamin has also recently been isolated in crystalline form, and can be obtained in tablets. In cases of extreme deficiency of vitamin B1 these tablets can be taken under medical advice.

Hot drinks of tea or coffee (made with nearly all milk) may ease the throat a little, and are comforting. Sometimes a tickle in the throat can be relieved by sipping slowly a glass of warm milk containing a teaspoonful of glycerine.

Frequent gargles with salt and warm water—one small teaspoonful of salt to one tumbler of water—may also give relief.

By way of preventing an attack of "camp throat" one can do little more than observe the common health rules.

Avoid the use of common towels and drinking-cups. Avoid close contact with people who are infected.

Build up your general resistance to infection by having a sensible balanced diet (including daily a pint of milk, fresh fruit and salad vegetables, and wholemeal bread), regular outdoor exercise, and sufficient rest.

Avoid excesses of all kinds—especially alcohol, late nights, and starchy or sweet foods.

In addition to these general rules a gargle night and morning with salt and water seems to be helpful as a preventive measure.

"Hello, hullo," said Mrs. Tindall tearfully, "is that Messrs. Snap, Crackle and Pop the breakfast experts? Please, oh please tell me how to make Peggy eat up her breakfast?" "Just you give her a platefuf of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles," said Snap, Crackle and Pop!

My, oh my! When Peggy heard that Snap, Crackle and Pop as the milk was poured over her Rice Bubbles, it tickled her fancy so much, she fairly *gobbled* them up!

Wasn't it a lucky day for Mummy when she found out about that lovely oven-popped rice Kellogg's make! Lucky for Peggy too—because Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are bursting with so much energising nourishment that Mummy will soon have to let Peggy's frocks out. Little tummies find Kellogg's Rice Bubbles so easy to digest. That's why they make an ideal meal before bed-time as well as breakfast. Get a packet of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles from your grocer to-day.

"Rice Bubbles" is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Australia) Proprietary Limited for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Proper handling of baby

CARELESS and unwise handling and over-stimulation do a great deal more harm to the delicate nervous system of a young baby than is commonly supposed.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be forwarded free if a request together with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

THREE of the Dionne quintuplets play "At Home" in their new season's outfits. They are all wearing the same kind of frock—a sheer wool in dusty-blue with collar and cuffs of fine lingerie. Yvonne, on the left, is the maid, and has popped a white muslin pinafore over her frock. Emilie, as hostess, is in the centre, and Cecile, on the right, playing caller, wears a coat of grey-blue tweed with matching hat.

The lipstick that really *Stays on*

pond's INDELIBLE lipstick

Tired of lipstick smears all over the edge of your cup, all over the tip of your cigarettes, all over your boy friend's handkerchiefs? Then try Pond's Indelible Lipstick, the lipstick that really stays on, whether you eat, smoke, swim or kiss. Pond's Indelible Lipstick is never greasy or drying on your lips. It has a satiny-smooth yet firm texture. It is natural looking and constant in colour. Pond's lipstick shades are blended scientifically to keep their rich colour in the bright sunlight, or under the glare of electric light. That's why Pond's Indelible Lipstick looks as lovely on your lips by night as it is by day . . . and see for yourself how well it stays on! Six smart shades. Price 2/0½d. and 1/0½d. (Including Sales Tax) at all chemists and stores.

Day and night use

pond's INDELIBLE lipstick

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS . . .

CROSS-STITCH CUSHION-COVER

● Just the smartest design for your lounge-room. Easy to work in fascinating cross-stitch in various gay colors to suit the color scheme of your room.

CUSHION-COVER in a new and attractive cross-stitch design. The cover measures 18 by 20 inches and is traced for working on white or colored linen or on colored Cesarine.

ACCESSORIES such as cushions help to make a lounge - room comfortable, friendly, and colorful. The more you have around the room the happier the atmosphere.

Here is a cushion-cover for working in cross-stitch which you can obtain from our Needlework Department.

It is stamped with the design in linen in green, blue, yellow, cream, white, or pink or on Cesarine in cream, blue, green, yellow or pink.

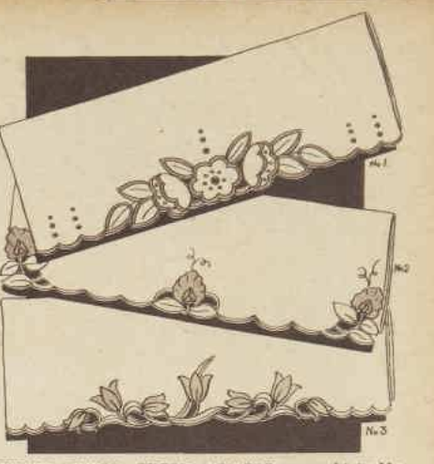
Size is 18 by 20 inches. Prices are: Linen, 4/6; Cesarine, 3/9.

You will find that the cross-stitch design is quite simple to do, and amazingly effective when completed and particularly smart for cushions used in lounge-rooms.

Cottons are also obtainable from our Needlework Department for 2½d. a skein. When you order, our Needlework Department will also suggest a color scheme for working the cover.

The cream and white covers worked in various bright shades—red, green, blue, brown—look effective, while the colored covers look well with color schemes to harmonise with the background.

Why not work a cover—or two, if possible—to brighten up your lounge-room for Christmas? If you haven't time to do this, then order a cover and work it over the holidays when you are looking for something to do.



THESE THREE GUEST TOWELS are obtainable traced for working on silk huckaback in a wild rose, sweet pea, and tulip design. All easy to work. Price 2/9 each.

THREE GUEST TOWELS

THESE guest towels would make the most delightful and useful Christmas gifts.

They are obtainable from our Needlework Department traced for working on silk huckaback in blue, pink, green, or yellow.

Price is 2/9 each.

No. 1. Wild Rose design. This features a small amount of cutwork. Buttonholing is used throughout.

No. 2. Sweet Pea design. This consists mostly of buttonhole work with outside trailing ends and veins of leaves in stem-stitch.

No. 3. Tulip design. All outside and cutwork lines are done in buttonholing and inside solid lines in stem-stitch.

Send to This Address! Adelaide: Box 2884, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 4008F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4088W, G.P.O. If calling, 176 Castlereagh Street or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

Bib for baby

SMALL BABIES need lots of bibs during teething days. Here is one which is all traced ready for working. Why not work one or two as Christmas gifts for some of your friends who have babies? The bibs are only 1/6 each.

IF you have a friend with a new baby, then work one or more of these attractive bibs as Christmas gifts.

This bib can be obtained from our Needlework Department traced ready for working with the floral motif on white kabe silk.

The bib is also threaded with ribbon to tie around the waist.

Price is 1/6.

The floral motif, which is quite simple to do, should be worked in pastel colors or in all-white. The edges should be done in buttonholing.

Cottons for working also obtainable from our Needlework Department.

Bags for shoes

IF you have a friend who is going away for the holidays soon, then give her a pair of these useful shoe-bags for Christmas.

The bags are obtainable from our Needlework Department traced on linora in shades of blue, green, yellow, cream, and pink.

The pattern for cutting out and the design for working is traced on the material so that all you have to do is cut out, stitch up, and work.

The "Scottie" dog motif is cute and very easy to work.

Price of the shoe-bags is 1/3 for the pair. Elastic for the tops is included.

IF YOU INTEND to travel over the holidays, then these shoe-bags are just what you want to keep your evening shoes in good condition. Or a friend might like them for Christmas. Obtainable ready to make up and work from our Needlework Department.

He's as HAPPY AS THE DAY IS LONG

Wisely, his mother keeps him in perfect health with genuine Laxettes — the mild chocolate aperient that kiddies love to take.

Ideally suited to sensitive young tummies and finicky young palates, genuine Laxettes have been preferred for 30 years by mothers and children in almost every Australian home. Genuine Laxettes are absolutely free from habit-forming drugs and purgatives and gently but surely prevent Faulty Elimination (*incomplete* bowel action).

Try a tin today. Genuine Laxettes, containing dihydroxydiphenylphthalidum, the non-toxic and *safe* laxative.

LAXETTE MANUFACTURING CO. 366 SWANSTON ST., MELBOURNE, C.1

Banish FAULTY ELIMINATION with Genuine LAXETTES

STANDARD TIN 1/6 Trial Size-6d.

Sold in Tins at all Chemists & Stores

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So quick and Easy to make your home colorful with DYNAMEL

1. WHAT CAN YOU DO about that dingy dark-stained cupboard? Here's Anne Stewart's answer. Dynamel it! Cambridge Blue for the outside, White Dynamel Inside. You'll get a mighty pleasant surprise when you see how Dynamel transforms that handy old cupboard—the whole room!

2. THOSE OLD VERANDAH CHAIRS your decorating problem? Well, look here. You can have them like brand spanking new again in no time when you treat them to a gleaming Dynamel finish. And you'll find that Dynamelling is as easy as sweeping the floor, or any of your regular household jobs—and much more fascinating.

3. JUST TO PROVE how much easier Dynamelling is, try this quick trick for your kitchen. Dynamel that chipped and shabby-looking set of canisters. You can get Dynamel in hobby size tins that are just the thing for little jobs like this.

4. DYNAMEL WILL GIVE a new lease of life to that shabby old ice-chest. Dynamel is splashproof, easy as A.B.C. to keep spotlessly clean. And to give the inside of the ice-chest a smart, hygienic finish, ask for Toubman's pure, odorless Inside Ice-Chest White.

5. NOW YOU CAN SEE what a difference Dynamel will make to that dingy, dark-stained shaving cabinet in the bathroom. And when you see how far one small tin of Dynamel goes, you'll realise that it's the economical way to bring color magic into every room in your house.

6. DYNAMEL THAT LITTLE TABLE and you'll have a smart new modern occasional table — for practically nothing! Remember, Dynamel never leaves a streak or a brushmark. It smooths itself out as you brush — and that's the chief difference between Dynamel and ordinary enamels.

Anyone can do a good job with DYNAMEL

DYNAMEL IS BETTER THAN ENAMEL. It dries twice as fast. Twice as hard. Never a streak. Never a brushmark. You get a mirror-smooth finish first time.

Take your choice of 30 lovelier colors on the Dynamel Color Card at paint stores everywhere. White, New Cream, Ivory, Cream, Biscuit, Coral, Powder Rose, Sky Blue, Cambridge Blue, Kanimbla Blue, Harbour Blue, Royal Blue, Primrose, Daffodil, Marigold, Orange, Oriental Red, Cherry Red, Persian Red, Lake Green, Nile Green, Lettuce Green, Spring Green, Forest Green, Oyster Grey, Cruiser Grey, Beige, Russet, Chestnut, Black, Clear, Inside Ice-Chest White.

FREE!

TWO BOOKS ON HOME DECORATION

Anne Stewart, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney.

Please send me free your enlarged book "The Colorful Home", together with "Harmony in the Kitchen". I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

Name .....

Address .....

A.57.

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HARMONIES *in wrought iron*

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

● Wrought ironwork harmonises splendidly with modern architecture, and when used with artistry adds both character and charm to a home exterior.

In the pictures below ironwork is carried out in simple but lovely scrolling and straight line designs and has practical as well as decorative use.

HERE WROUGHT IRONWORK is used around a sun deck and as grilles on windows. Used this way as a decorative feature as well as a useful one, the graceful intricacies of the ironwork harmonise perfectly with modern architecture.

ABOVE: An entire sun balcony off a bedroom is carried out in wrought ironwork. Notice the symmetry of the simple festoon design combined with slender straight lines.

LEFT: Wrought ironwork again used for a balcony and as a window grille—this time in a different design. Decorative touches are used only in the central panel, the top edge, and on window grille.

ABOVE: A Moorish effect is captured by the use of three arches with wrought iron grilles. In this case, the arches would be useless as decorative features without the ironwork to add character.

LEFT: An iron lantern on an exterior wall. This type of lantern looks particularly well on a home where ironwork is also used for balcony railings, window grilles, and so on. As it happens, this lantern is used on the house with the three arches shown above.

CYCLONE

TWO VERY IMPORTANT PEOPLE

WITH IDEAS ON HAPPY HOMES

KEEP them happy and healthy in a fly-free home! Screen every window and door with "Cyclone" Flywire.

Flywire Door and Window Screens, made ready for fitting, are reasonably priced at all leading hardware stores and departments or are easy to make in the home workshop. But whether you buy the wire itself, or screens complete, make certain always that you get "Cyclone" Flywire. It's made in Australia to last long and give unfailing service.

FLY "Cyclone" WIRE

CYCLONE FENCE & GATE CO. PTY. LTD. . . SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, ADELAIDE, PERTH

WC 40/3

CYCLONE

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GOOD NEWS

FOR ALL INTERESTED IN GOOD HEALTH

The response of the Australian public to our campaign for more healthful eating . . . the great interest shown in our introductory free gift scheme, has been such an outstanding success that we are pleased to announce that FREE GIFT COUPONS ARE NOW PROVIDED WITH TWENTY-ONE (21) DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF THE FAMOUS SANITARIUM HEALTH FOODS ILLUSTRATED BELOW . . . AND ALSO THAT COUPONS FROM EACH OF THESE TWENTY-ONE PRODUCTS COMBINE FOR ANY FREE GIFT. THIS MEANS THAT YOU NOW GET YOUR FREE GIFTS TWENTY TIMES QUICKER. . . . It means that the more of the Sanitarium Health Food variety you use, the quicker you obtain the high grade and useful free gifts that are offering. Help your family to good health by always using a plentiful supply of Sanitarium Health Foods.

GET SANITARIUM HEALTH FOODS FROM YOUR GROCER TO-DAY AND SANITARIUM QUICK GIFTS WITH YOUR COUPONS TO-MORROW.

MARMITE
A tasty yeast and vegetable extract and one of the richest known sources of the necessary vitamin "B" with a thousand uses.

SOYA BEANS
Packed in tomato sauce they are steam cooked so that every part of nourishment is retained. Rich in vitamins A-B-C-D.

GRAINUT
A crisp, nutty, cereal food containing no cane sugar. Grainut is a combination of choice wheat, edible nuts and wheat extract.

KWIC-BRU
A delicious health "coffee" made from choicest cereals and free from drugs that effect the heart and nerves.

PEANUT BUTTER
Very easily digested it contains more "protein" than lean beef, twice as much "fat" as eggs and six times that of beef steak. Excellent for growing children.

GLUTEN MEAL
A brain and body-building porridge. Ideal for business men and a source of strength to growing children.

NUT MEATS
A combination of nuts and grains — a most appetizing substitute for flesh food and possessing a high and nutritive value.

PROTOSE
More nutritious than meat and much more easily digested. Protose is a perfect substitute for flesh food.

NUT CHEESE
The vegetable analogue of potted chicken or veal. It is rich in albumen and fats and is a safe and wholesome substitute for cheese.

BAKED BEANS
A superior, delicately flavoured combination of wholesome, specially selected beans, nuts and rich tomato sauce.

GLUTEN BISCUITS
Tend to increase the formation of red corpuscles and to supply suitable nourishment for sufferers from dysentry, obesity, diabetes, malnutrition and anaemia.

DIABETIC ROLLS
A valuable article of diet for diabetics and others needing food rich in protein with body-building and blood-forming properties.

GRANOSE
Granose biscuits are whole wheat in its purest and most palatable form. Granose biscuits are particularly recommended as baby's "first cereal."

WEET-BIX
Another whole wheat biscuit deliciously flavoured with healthful honey and malt. All the family love Weet-Bix.

CERIX PUFFED WHEAT
An appetizing breakfast food in which the whole grain of the wheat, without having any of the natural elements removed, is expanded to eight times its normal size.

CERIX PUFFED RICE
Manufactured in a similar manner to Puffed Wheat. Made from best quality undressed and unpolished rice.

SAN-BRAN
A pleasant safe and effective remedy for constipation, both for children and adults. Rich in healthful mineral salts.

DIABETIC MEAL
Made from selected wheat and recommended for its high gluten content. It makes a delicious porridge or gruel.

GRANOLA
A nutritious porridge food . . . a perfect blending of nature's best grains — wheat, corn, rye and oats — grains rich in vitamins.

MALTED NUTS
Invaluable as a nutrient for sufferers from dyspepsia, constipation, consumption, neurasthenia, Brights disease, etc., and for those with whom cow's milk disagrees.

Free gift coupons from any of these twenty-one products COMBINE for any of the scores of free gifts offering.

BIXIES
An appetizing, crisp and crunchy breakfast wheat flake flavoured with delicious rice healthful honey and malt.

WHAT TO DO

All gifts are available at the following addresses:—

SYDNEY 12 Hunter Street.
MELBOURNE Y.W.C.A. Hostel, Little Collins Street, Opp. Australia Arcade.
PERTH Sanitarium Health Food Gift Shop, Central Arcade, Hay St.
HOBART 43 Elizabeth Street.
LAUNCESTON 82 Charles Street.
NEWCASTLE Cor. Tudor Street and Parkers Avenue, Hamilton.

If you cannot call, send your coupons (in separate package with name and address of sender shown clearly) and receipt the necessary amount for postage and packing to the address of the depot nearest to you. Write for a catalogue of free gifts.

This Scheme Does Not Operate in South Australia.

IMPORTANT — Wartime conditions make these offers subject to alteration without notice.

Sanitarium HEALTH FOODS

1-44-3

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